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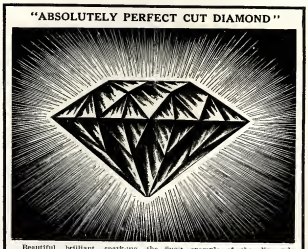

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produced by

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Adapted from the novel by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

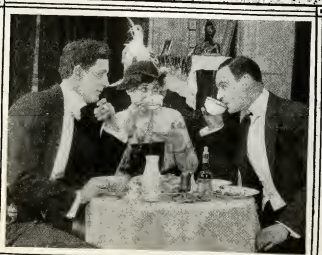
The World Film Corporation, which does big things in an artistic and impressive way, has visualized "The Butterfly," one of "the ten best sellers," in a fashion commensurate with all its varients of interest in the mysterious and ever picturesque Orient; with its adventurous element in the doings of the vengeful and murderous acrobat, and the deep heart throb that invests its romance.

The witchery of the Nile lands is revealed in the settings and furnishes fine environment for the dancing of the heroine, while the glimpses of circus and theatrical life add clever bits of characterization to diversify an exciting drama of alternating suspense and thrill.

Henry Kitchell Webster is one of the cleverest novelists in the West in current fiction, and his popularity in photoplay which began with "Cinderella" should be perpetuated in "The Butterfly." O. A. C. Lund, the producer of the picture, appears in the role of the malignant hunchback; Barbara Tennant is the fascinating heroine Elaine, and Howard Estabrook is "the man"—surely a great cast.

Barbara Tennant as *Elaine Arthur*

Howard Estabrook as *John Brisley Butler*



Successful in her art—engaged—real love enters with the coming of "the man;" to the end that freedom from one who has not created love, must be the boundary passed to shelter for life within the real love of her heart's soul mate

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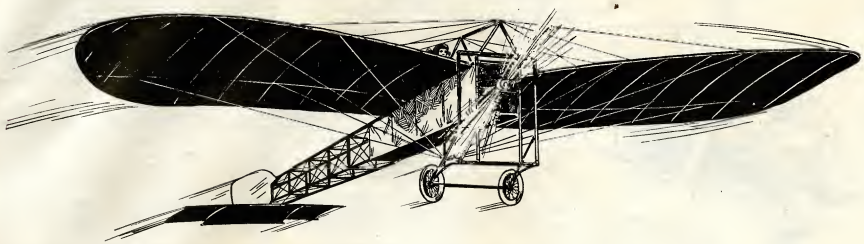


BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

By F. McGrew Willis

"IF WE fail to have a man at Chihuahua, ready to accompany the army on the advance to Torreon," said James Gardiner, president of the Federal Film Company, "we shall be losers to the extent of our ten-thousand-dollar forfeit and our war film contract becomes void."

Telegrams had been flashed to the cardinal points of the compass, and also to the divergent angles between those points, in their mad haste to secure Denman—the *great* Denman—the Denman who had secured motion pictures of actual warfare in the Balkans while the other cinematographers were unable to get within hailing distance of the battles.

"If we don't get Denman!" the chief executive again moaned—and at this instant a long delayed wire was delivered from a point far down on the Mexican coast. It ran:

"Denman securing films of sea-elephants at Guadalupe island off coast Mexico. Expected at San Pedro tonight."

Every mother's son in the offices of the aggressive film organization breathed a deep sigh of relief. Denman had been located!

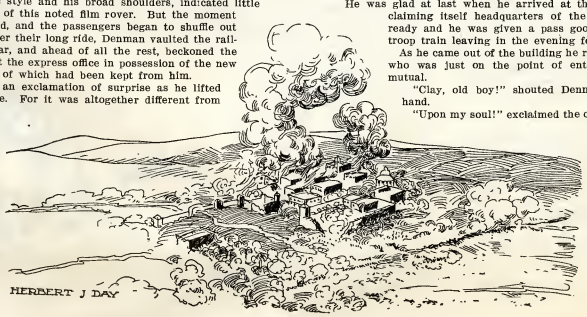
All of this tenseness was due to the fact that a new camera—a crankless camera—had been brought into existence. It was as great an advance in the art of photography over the old cinematograph as the motion picture camera had been over the still camera. But for all that, it required bravery and that intuitive cunning that Denman alone seemed to possess.

Although John Denman was still under thirty years of age, he had been in all parts of the world, including those known and charted, and those unknown and uncharted.

Upon receipt of Gardiner's earnest request with information that the camera, with ample film, awaited Denman's call in El Paso, that gentleman sensed the spirit of adventure that called anew from the domain where Villa fought sturdily for Mexican liberty and Mexican rights.

Three days later, John Denman idled on the observation platform as the Atlantic express eased into the El Paso station. His six feet of sinew and daring, his magnetic style and his broad shoulders, indicated little of the real purpose back of this noted film rover. But the moment the air had been released, and the passengers began to shuffle out stiffly and awkwardly after their long ride, Denman vaulted the railing of the observation car, and ahead of all the rest, beckoned the first taxi and was soon at the express office in possession of the new treasure, the real secret of which had been kept from him.

He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise as he lifted the camera from its case. For it was altogether different from any machine he had yet used. In shape it was about the same as the regulation camera, except that it was longer. The size was about fourteen inches high, four inches wide and possibly twenty-two inches long. But what caused Denman's surprise was not so much the size, but the fact that the camera was covered by a thin layer of manganese steel; only the lens and the finder had been left exposed. And there was no place for a crank!



Denman hurriedly opened the camera and found that it had been made longer to allow for the insertion of a small storage battery, and a tiny motor which took the place of the crank. Small wires about ten feet long were connected with these, thus enabling the operator to stand at this distance from the machine and operate it. Some of the space was to allow room for a double sized roll of film containing about six hundred feet, making a change of film unnecessary for the ordinary occasion.

He unpacked the tripod and found that instead of the wooden one always in use, small steel rods the size of a lead pencil had replaced it. Denman was delighted, and gave vent to a low whistle of pure joy.

"A new invention! A crankless camera!" He could not conceal his professional pride in the achievement.

Here certainly was the ideal camera for taking war scenes. The danger of the camera being struck by a stray bullet, splintering the machine and spoiling the film already taken, was reduced to almost nothing. Only deliberate design on the part of some marksman could wreck it.

In Tripoli, Denman had been with the Italian army and had had the use of one of the armored automobiles used in making attacks on the tribesmen. But in the Balkans his camera had been hit several times by spent bullets, although no great damage was done. He resolved to leave at once for Chihuahua, and after a light lunch at the hotel dining room, he boarded a street car and crossed the Rio Grande to Juarez.

Already he saw the havoc and desolation of war. Already he foresaw the terrible toll that war exacts from those in its ruthless way. He was going into a country torn with strife and laid desolate by its own people. A harder fate had befallen the town than if it had been sacked by its worst enemy.

He made his way up streets lined by soldiers, who glanced at him suspiciously as he went past. Some were in uniform, but the majority were dirty and filthy beyond description.

He was glad at last when he arrived at the low adobe building proclaiming itself headquarters of the army. His papers were ready and he was given a pass good for transportation on a troop train leaving in the evening for the south.

As he came out of the building he ran square into Claybourne, who was just on the point of entering. The surprise was mutual.

"Clay, old boy!" shouted Denman, grasping the other's hand.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the one addressed. "Denman!"

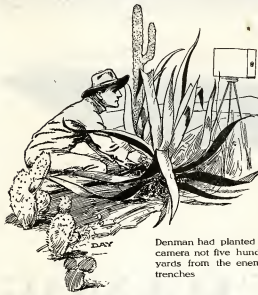
"No other," laughed Denman, squeezing the welcome hand. He added: "What are you doing so far from Fleet street?"

"Thought there would be a little fighting over here and prevailed upon the boss to send me," answered the other, as he pulled Denman out of the doorway to make room for several waiting to enter. "I wish I was back in old fog-

ridden London, through," he continued. "War here is not what it was the last time we were together."

"I hope it is not quite what it was at Lule Burgas," answered Denman with a grin. "I have been sent down here to transfer a little of it to the winding film, but I don't care for any more experiences like I had then."

They both laughed at the recollection, though at the time it had been no laughing matter. The affair at Lule Burgas had made Denman a hero in



Denman had planted the camera not five hundred yards from the enemy's trenches

the eyes of the rest of the cinematographers and correspondents with the allied armies.

After the defeat of the Turkish army at Kirk Kilesse, Denman had managed to secure a horse, and breaking away from the army, had arrived near Lule Burgas ahead of the Bulgarians.

Concealing himself in a small cave of boulders in the hills he had waited for days until the attack on the town took place, and then training his camera on the struggle had witnessed the terrible charges made by the Bulgarians. Time after time they had assaulted the town leaving dead in huge piles after each unsuccessful attempt. But finally the Turks had weakened, and giving way, had begun the terrible retreat to the last lines at Chatalja.

Hiding the film among the rocks, Denman had made his way back to the rear and the correspondents' camp. But he no sooner arrived than he had been placed under arrest for disobeying the censor's orders for the correspondents and cinematographers to remain in the rear. The officers, convinced that he had had no chance to use the camera, had finally been compelled to release him with the threat that if he were again missing he would be sent through the lines and out of the country.

"You certainly took more of a chance than any of the rest of us," said Claybourne admiringly. "And I saw the film later in London."

"I hid it among the rocks," Denman said with a laugh, "and it took me several days to find it. But I managed to get it out past the censor."

Denman learned that the Englishman was going to Chihuahua on the same train as himself, and extended an invitation for him to cross to El Paso and spend the time with him until time to start.

They were seated in Denman's room discussing the status of the war-correspondent.

THE two had first met at the Hotel Bulgarie, in Sofia. The hotel at that time was known as the International Correspondents' Club—the I. C. C. —for it was given over entirely to newspaper men, photographers and cinematographers, who were waiting permission from the government to start for the front. A strong friendship had sprung up between the two. It had continued through the war, and they had told each other goodby in Paris, months later.

Claybourne was comparing war below the Rio Grande with the recent one in the Balkans.

"War is different here," said the correspondent, meditatively smoking one of Denman's cigars. "You remember the peasants we saw marching into Sofia to take up arms?" he asked, and as Denman nodded he continued. "They were real fighters; their very nature is warlike. At peaceful pursuits they don't amount to much, but when they fight——They came to the capital, leaving their little farms, giving up everything for the chance of striking a blow at the hated Turk. They were uniformed, armed, drilled a very little, perhaps, and sent to the front."

"You saw them later at Lule Burgas," he resumed. "They refused to shoot their enemies and insisted on making bayonet charges! Think of that in modern warfare!

"They were placed in the front ranks and they were made to bear the brunt of the charges. But they wanted to see the whites of the enemies' eyes before they struck a blow. You know the result. When the Turks would see that unwavering line coming they would throw down their guns and run! Their officers were pushed aside and the men shouting *'La nosche'* would begin a mad stampede for safety in the rear."

Claybourne sank back in his chair. "They were not afraid of the bullets, but of the bayonet, the knife as they called it."

After a moment Claybourne resumed, as Denman made no response.

"But here. I witnessed the battle of Tierra Blanca. I saw the attack on Ojinaga. I saw the city taken. But with the bayonet? No, by machine guns and cannon. It is true that the soldiers attacked, but only half-heartedly. I was in the thick of both engagements and I never found a man killed by a bayonet thrust. The soldiers even cast away their bayonets, deeming them in the way."

Denman wore a tolerant smile. He took Gardiner's telegram from his pocket and passed it to the other.

"I suppose you are the source of information to such papers as caused Gardiner to put in that little phrase about no heroism shown," he said bantering-ly.

"The papers are right for once, Denman," answered Claybourne seriously. "The people here have but very little knowledge why they are fighting. Most of them in the army like the life because it affords them a living. Others are bandits and this sort of an existence appeals to them. Lots of them have had their choice between the army and a firing squad. And some of them choose the latter occasionally."

"PERHAPS you are right." Denman restored the telegram to his pocket. "But I don't believe you are. There must be those in the army who are making as great a sacrifice as the Bulgarian peasants did. And I'll wager you the best dinner to be had in old Paree that I bring out proof of this when I return."

"Taken," readily answered Claybourne good naturedly. "Of course there may be exceptions to the rules I have laid down, but I don't think so." When the Englishman made up his mind he was hard to change, but he was also willing to try to supply arguments to back up his theories and convince the opposition. He lighted another cigar.

"The troops will not stand out and fight openly." The weed was going freely and he leaned back in enjoyment. "But of course neither would the Turks at the close of the war. But you know the reason of that. A few of us know; but not the world. The Turks are a brave people, whatever else may be said of them. They will take more than an even chance if they are treated right. But we know the story of the Balkans. Blunt bayonets, swords that were not sharp enough to kill and then—Kumanova. Wooden bullets make poor ammunition to stem the tide of a victorious army." The correspondent threw away the cigar as if he would so easily rid himself of the memory of certain happenings in the Balkans.

"God, Claybourne," burst out Denman, hoarsely, living over again that awful instant when they had discovered that the Turkish soldiers had been given wooden bullets to beat back the allies' attack. "To think. And the men had lived on raw maize, roots of trees and food not fit for swine, in hopes of staying and turning the enemy into a rout. Then because of grafting army officials they were given rounds of wooden bullets. The officers had pocketed the difference in the cost between steel and wood."

Claybourne rose from his chair and pressing the bell, gave the boy who answered an order for two whiskies.

"There might have been a different tale come out of the Balkans," he said turning back from the door with the drinks. "But—there wasn't. Here, though, war is merely a game. The leading general will be on one side until his capture and then he will switch to the other. His men go with him, or there is the firing squad with a handy 'dobe wall to stop stray bullets. Not much of a choice."

"Just the same, Clay, old boy, there must be those in the army who are not fighting merely to save their own lives, or swayed by hope of gain. I believe there are and we are going to find them before we see the United States again."

II.

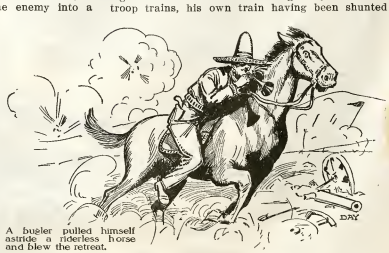
DENMAN had been at Jiminez for three days waiting for the movement of the troops to Yermo, which had been selected as the base for the final movement on Torreon. Claybourne he had left at Chihuahua, the correspondent deciding to remain there until Villa himself left to lead the advance of the first attack. Having gone through the two Balkan wars, and having witnessed almost the entire struggle with the Italians in Tripoli, Denman thought that he was pretty well versed in all kinds of warfare, but he was gaining new experiences every day.

He was accustomed to seeing troops officered by men in glittering uniforms, and the men themselves in uniforms as fine but without the yards of gold braid that distinguished their superiors. Here the majority of men wore no uniforms at all, unless the denim suits that were now being made for them at Chihuahua could be so called. These were merely very ordinary "overalls" and a jacket to match. What uniforms were in the army had been distributed almost entirely among the cavalry, of which there was possibly three thousand.

Men of all descriptions were in the ranks; foreigners of practically every nationality were there; and women and girls had taken their places in the ranks, standing as warlike as any of the men and bearing their guns with as much familiarity. Dozens of the companies were captained by Americans; Germans who had seen service in the army in the Fatherland were majors; and there was a sprinkling of men of all countries—or none—who had learned the business of war in that great melting pot, the French Foreign Legion in Africa. Denman had had as yet no chance to observe them in battle, but the army, despite its nondescript appearance, looked formidable. On the fourth day of his stay in Jiminez the troop trains began moving southward, the railroad having been repaired where the federals had destroyed it in hopes of delaying the advance until their reinforcements from Coahuila could arrive.

In front of the troop trains were sent several "armored" trains to repel any attack that might be made. These trains were a novelty to Denman and he had taken several pictures of them. They were composed of box-cars painted in fine squares, and resembled nothing so much as huge checkerboards. In the sides of the cars were small squares of wood which could be moved aside to allow for the muzzle of a machine gun, of which there were three in every car. One of the sharpshooters questioned by the photographer informed him that the squares had been painted to better conceal the openings for the guns and to confuse the marksmen of the opposing side. The cars were not armored in any way except that thin plates of steel had been nailed to the inside of the cars to protect the gunners from rifle fire.

Denman finding that a detachment of cavalry was preparing to leave, hurried back to the house where he had been staying and procuring the camera, returned to the station to board the train and go on south, his pass being good on any of the troop trains. During his absence he found that Villa had arrived on a special train from Chihuahua. The rebel chief was busily engaged in assisting the station master in clearing the yards of the troop trains, his own train having been shunted



A bugler pulled himself astride a riderless horse and blew the retreat.

on a siding. His deep, resonant voice could be heard above the din, giving final instructions to officers who were accompanying their commands into the battle line.

Dressed in the trousers of a plain business suit, coatless and with a soft shirt open at the neck exposing a chest of huge proportions, he stood among them giving orders right and left, seeming to have the most minute detail of the plan of campaign committed to memory.

Denman set up the camera and wound a few feet of film of the scene, and while thus engaged was surprised by the appearance of Claybourne. After a hearty handshake, they advanced to Villa at Denman's suggestion and Claybourne, who seemed to be on excellent terms with the rebel leader, persuaded him to pose before the camera for a few "close-ups." This seemed to greatly please the head of the army and he attempted to hold conversation with the camera man but, as he spoke no English and Denman no Spanish, the only result was a hearty laugh at the termination of their ineffectual efforts to communicate. Claybourne was much amused and translated friendly greetings from one to the other.

THEY moved away and Denman decided to hold to his original plan and take the next train for the south. Claybourne accompanied him and watched him installed on the top of a car directly behind the locomotive. The correspondent then returned to the station to wire to his paper news of the day's happenings. As the train pulled out, Denman set up the camera and ran off several feet of film with the machine focused on another troop train a few hundred yards ahead; then swinging the camera around he swept the tops of the cars in the rear of his position. Cavalrymen were literally swarming over the cars; some sat with their feet hanging over the edge nonchalantly rolling and smoking the inevitable cigarette.

Leaving the camera in the care of some friendly troopers, Denman made his way back over the train, making friends with the officers and sharing his stock of tobacco with them.

His entire Mexican vocabulary consisted of "Buenas dias," but he used this to such good advantage and appeared so friendly to the soldiers that their hatred of the "gringo" vanished and they returned his salutations. Also some of the men had seen him talking with the rebel chief and this gave him added prestige among them.

Moving back over the train, Denman decided to enter the coach at the rear end, thinking possibly to find some of his acquaintances that he had met in Jiminez.

Most of these were Americans—soldiers of fortune. In them was the spirit that keeps the world from standing still. They had dared the icy blasts of the Klondike. They had challenged the fevers in the Congo. One of them, not yet more than a boy, had even penetrated to the Forbidden City in the interior of China! They would dare anything. When the time came to storm the federal positions they would be in the front rank, cheering on the native Mexicans! Denman liked these fellows. He liked to exchange experiences with them and hear their tales of daring, told simply and without hoast. Such men as these were not to he found except in the out-of-the-way places of the world. And there was enough of the kindred spirit in the cinematographer to want to be with them.

AS HE walked back over the tops of the cars of the lurching train, Denman sighed at the ever-present evidence of the havoc that war had wrought to this strife-torn country.

Near the end of the train, the cinematographer saw that the even line of the cars was broken and that a flat-car had been placed in the train.

And on the car was the very latest model aeroplane!

Here was a surprise. He had not thought of the rebels using an aeroplane. He lowered himself down the end ladder of the car and swung across the intervening space to better inspect the plane.

As he stepped on the car and made his way around the end of the air-craft, a dark figure sprang suddenly from a position behind the engine. He whirled, quick as a flash, his hand fell to his hip and the cinematographer found himself gazing awkwardly into the dark muzzle of a large caliber automatic.

In a lightning inspection of the figure with the gun, Denman saw a boy not over twenty-two dressed in the grease-stained attire of a mechanic, but with clothes of fine texture showing beneath an opening of the jacket.

His figure was sinuous and slender, and the muscles were drawn taut as he held the pistol pointed unerringly at the astonished cinematographer. "Captain!" Without turning or moving the gun, he called. Another man in the uniform of a captain of artillery, hastened from some place behind the enclosed driver's seat. "What is it, Francisco?" he asked, and then noticing the threatening gun, he turned in the direction it was pointed and beheld the intruder.

"He is a spy sent here to destroy the plane!" The boy advanced the gun menacingly. He spoke in perfect English, but Denman knew that he was of Spanish blood. His dark, olive complexion and his clear cut features proclaimed him of high caste.

"Assuredly I am not a spy," the cinematographer addressed the older man. "I am merely on my way to the coach at the rear of the train."

"How did you get past the guard, then?" The officer seemed inclined to doubt the conclusion of the boy, but he wanted proof.

"There was no guard there." Denman turned and indicated the way he had come. "At least if there was I failed to see him."

"You are with the army?"

"I am a cameraman and am going to secure films of the coming battle."

"A thousand pardons!" The captain motioned the boy to replace the gun. He went toward Denman and offered his hand. "We are very sorry," he spoke with the slightest accent.

"Well, there is no harm done," Denman responded, taking the officer's hand and meeting it in a firm clasp. "Although to tell the truth I did not like the looks of the gun pointed in my direction."

"Francisco is very jealous of the aeroplane and we have heard that it will be destroyed before we are ready to use it." He brought the boy forward and presented him to Denman.

"He may well be jealous of the craft," the cinematographer replied as he greeted the boy, who begged his pardon in the generous manner of the Latin country. "I have seen hundreds of aeroplanes but this is different. If I may pass an opinion on it I would say that it combines the best principles of all of them."

"Do you think so?" the boy asked eagerly.

"I assuredly do." Denman went forward with the two and took a closer view of the plane. He had introduced himself and had learned the names of the two in return. Captain Matero was the older and the boy's name was Francisco Magon. He was the aviator.

The aeroplane was the very last word in scientific construction. The wings were covered with a specially woven cloth that Denman had never before seen, and they were braced in an entirely new way. The machine was of dual control and was driven by an eight cylinder French motor placed in front of the body occupied by the aviators. The general style was similar to the French monoplanes. The boy hung on Denman's words of approval with the eagerness of a child.

"You like it?" he said. "I am so glad; for it is my own invention.

DENMAN was astonished and said so.

Captain Matero explained. "He worked out the plans for it and had it made in Los Angeles. He flew it several times and then it was taken down and brought to Chihuahua. But that is not the most wonderful part."

"Until a few days ago we had to smuggle everything for the army across the border. To avoid the risk of the plane falling into the hands of the border patrols, we distributed it in as small parts as possible to our agents and they were to smuggle it over. Parts were taken across in Juarez, some in Calexico, some at Agua Prieta, in fact, at practically every point in Sonora and Chihuahua.

"Finally it was all assembled at Chihuahua city and Francisco undertook to put it together. And he succeeded after several weeks of work in getting it to fly perfectly. Then we at once loaded it on a car and are on our way now to attempt to use it to locate the enemy's strength, and the plans made to resist us."

It seemed impossible to the cinematographer that a boy of little more than twenty could have planned the air-craft and then put it together from parts assembled in such haphazard way. He gave the boy full praise and watched his face light up with a pleased smile. Matero went in search of the missing guard and returned explaining that the fellow had gone to get tobacco from some of the soldiers. The boy had worked over the engine during his absence and had it running smoothly. He threw off the greasy clothes and disclosed himself in a well made American tailored suit. They were returning to their places in the coach and invited Denman to accompany them. Before they could open the coach door, a young girl with the loveliest face Denman had ever seen, stepped out and then stopped at seeing the presence of the stranger.

"Francisco—I thought—you had been gone so long," she was all anxiety for his safety, and her eyes looked love at him.

The boy turned to Denman. "This is my sister, Dolores," he said, and mentioned the cinematographer's name to the girl. "She helped me put the plane together and can fly it better than I!" Denman took the slim brown hand she extended and looked deep into the black eyes. She met his look with a fine, frank glance and then her eyes fell.

"I am glad to meet my brother's friends," she said, and the soft Spanish voice with the faintest trace of an accent thrilled Denman.

III.

ON THE very verge of battle, a week would ordinarily he an eon of time to those waiting to be at the front, yet the seven days that had passed since Denman had met Dolores Magon had seemed no longer than so many golden minutes. Denman had not realized the passage of time until he heard the boy complaining, eager to be allowed to make his initial flight. And the reason was—he was in love.

(*Continued on page 24*)

As he looked again in the air, the plane seemed to completely collapse—and then it fell!

HERBERT J. DAY

LOIS WEBER and PHILLIPS SMALLEY

A Practical and Gifted Pair With High Ideals

By RICHARD WILLIS

The artistic altruist is so really rare that a combination of such personalities makes it peculiarly impressive and interesting. The double dispensation of the genius to create character, and the gift to enact them is the unusual equipment of the Smalleys.

The deeper truths of their lives' cycle, form basic motives that animate their picturesque portrayals in unending reelings of the new realistic art preservatives

AS THIS is being written, the five-reel photoplay "Hypocrites" is being presented at the Long Acre Theater in New York City and the Gotham critics are unanimous in writing it up as one of the most profound and brilliant of motion picture psychological dramas.

The author and producer of "Hypocrites" and numerous other photoplays which are far above the average, is one of the most charming women I have ever met. I have known her for some time and have always found her the same, and feeling sure of a welcome from Lois Weber and her fine looking actor husband, Phillips Smalley, I duly pressed the little button by the door of their bungalow and was accorded the welcome.

It is a charming home, one that the lady designed and furnished. "She did it all herself," Phillips Smalley said. "I just paid my little fifty per cent and she did the rest." The furnishings and the color scheme are in subdued tints and the delightful rooms furnish an excellent index to her character. There is no jarring note, for comfort fits in with delicacy so that even the flowers blend with the general atmosphere.

Lois Weber, graceful and gracious with a wealth of dark hair, her long lashes giving her eyes a somewbat dreamy look, a lady whose carriage makes her almost stately, was just a living part of the general soothing effect, and her vivacious, youthful sister (an adoring young person) who sat at Miss Weber's feet, proved an excellent foil with her brighter coloring.

Just as Lois Weber's domicile reflects her, so does the study of Phillips Smalley indicate his vigorous personality. The walls of his room are covered with pictures of his friends, professional photographs signed with some inscription. Smalley is a well set-up man, with an actor's face, strong and ruddy tinted. His eyes sparkle with wit and good humor and he forms a sharp contrast to his wife.

During the evening I discovered that Lois Weber is an accomplished musician, and she admitted a penchant for the music of "Madame Butterfly," which she interprets delightfully.

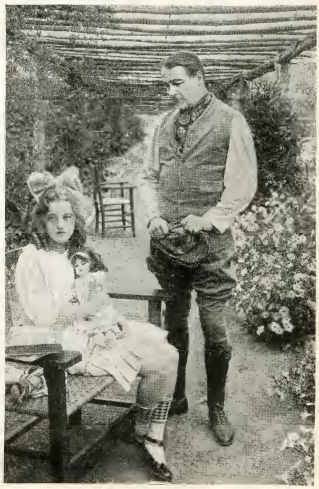
"I used to play a great deal," said she, "especially when I was interested in mission work which occupied much of my time; but, I am out of practice now although I play a little every evening for relaxation."

"I know that you are honestly interested in the uplift of the motion picture industry," I said. "I want to get your views on any phase of it that you choose to discuss."

"Yes, we are both very sincerely interested," answered Miss Weber, "and we believe that the future is very bright. There is much yet to be done though. In the first place, I really believe that the day of the serial play is nearly over and I am glad of it. The public will always want melodrama, and good melodrama is wholesome as long as it is decently presented, but the serial photoplays of today are for the most part merely a mixture of sensational and entirely ridiculous or impossible incidents and are not by any means an index of truth or possibility. I am often twitted with trying to produce and write plays which are above the heads of the public, but I resent this as an insult to the general public, who, I believe, are as well able to interpret beautiful thoughts and to fully understand photoplays, which lead one's desires for better things."

"We have a motto if you would call it that," interrupted Phillips Smalley. "'Nothing is over the heads of the general public,' and I think it is a true one too. Besides both my wife and myself have produced a large number of what are termed 'uplift' photoplays and the box-office receipts have disproven the fact that they puzzle audiences. Do you think that a commercial management would put up with motion pictures which did not appeal to the public? Not a bit of it."

Mrs. Smalley smiled and nodded her approval and continued: "I am very glad that established actors and actresses from the legitimate stage were called in by some of the leading manufacturers for the reason that they attracted a class



In their workaday surroundings, acting under the open sky or by the flaming arcs of the studio, or amid the restful environment of the study at home, they visualize impressions or record them for others, so that their duality of gifts and graces find charming and sympathetic expression.

of people to the motion picture theaters who never thought of attending before. At the same time I do not believe that the fad will last long; indeed, the time is close at hand when the public will still call for the adaptation of well known plays and novels, but will want them interpreted by well known and accomplished photoplay artists who are better fitted in every way to successfully portray the parts they are given, than the stars from the legitimate stage. There are a few of the stage stars who are fitted for this work, and I include Elsie Janis and the Farnums; but, as a general rule the artists are either too old to defy the cruel camera or else they do not understand the newer art, and the result is that they are jerky and unnatural in their actions and cannot shake off their stage mannerisms."

"Photoplay acting requires considerable experience," said Mr. Smalley; "it takes time and hard work to get used to screen work. We have both had considerable stage experience and know what we are talking about. I shudder even now when I think of our first pictures. There is another thing, a man may be a good actor on the legitimate stage and yet not have what is termed a good screen appearance and many a good actor shows up badly when photographed. One can never truly ascertain until he has seen himself on the screen and that is why many a reasonably good actor or actress has been a failure at this particular profession."

In answer to my query as to what length a photoplay should go, Miss Weber said: "I think that four or five reels are enough. The brain will not permit of viewing more than this number of reels, for I really believe the watching of the film has an hypnotic effect. Really, I do not think that any stated length should be given for a particular subject, it should go just the length that the subject requires and I think that this improvement is coming, too."

They are not pedantic, this gifted pair, and there is never a doubt that they are intensely in earnest and intend to carry out their ideas and ideals. They are entitled to express their opinions too, and these opinions are worth due reflection, for they have arrived at conclusions after much study and much work and varied experience. Miss Weber was well known on the boards and on the concert platform. Mr. Smalley is a graduate of Oxford University and was both an actor and manager and it was while he was managing the "Why Girls Leave Home" company in which Miss Weber was playing, that they decided their common interests would be materially cemented by matrimony. They have been sympathetic coworkers and during the time they have been acting in and making pictures, they have done much to help improve the art, and have ever striven to give the public worthy photoplays with an uplift.

This talented couple have acted together in pictures ever since they decided to "try out" the then new "fad." They first acted and directed with the Gaumont company for two years and were with the Universal for many months (to which company they have just returned) before joining the Bosworth Incorporated company, and at both of the last concerns they have made and acted in some very notable productions, most of which have been written by Lois Weber.

As I left, Phillips Smalley called out after me: "You need not say I am the handsomest actor in the world, and for goodness sake don't call Miss Weber a striking brunette. Beyond that, do your worst and call again some time."

As they stood in the doorway of their cheery home with the subdued lights behind them, I could not but admire the handsome couple, they are such mighty good pals and there are none too many such.

A "Butterfly" Grace

"Married? No—Not for me! I've got a cat, a parrot and a pewter teapot I inherited from a greataunt. Yes, I have determined to be an old maid." Grace Darmond.

COULDN'T sleep much last night! You see I'm so excited waiting to see my photoproofs from Moffett I can hardly wait," was the excited remark of Grace Darmond, the slim princess who is the leading lady at Selig's, the center of an admiring group in the spacious green room of that wonderful establishment.

One could hardly credit that a girl who had been photographed every day that the sun permitted for a year past, in moving pictures would be so curious concerning a photograph taken in another atelier — but that is one of the vagaries of the artistic temperament. It is said that the railway engineer, the highest type of mechanician, could only get satisfaction out of his vacation by riding with a member of a brotherhood on another locotive, fairly overcome by the fascination of making mileage — so the novelty of having a portrait de luxe, instead of making animated footage on the film, excited the youngest leading lady in the business, perceptibly.

A studied close-up of Grace Darmond reveals a tall sweet young woman of graceful figure with reddish hair and sparkling brown eyes, one whose natural grace has been accentuated but not affected by theatrical training. Still in her 'teens, she has already had years of experience on the stage, commencing as the child in "Edith's Burglar." Following this, she joined a stock company and grew from short dresses to long skirts and trains, as she advanced from the juvenile roles to those of the heroine and adventuress — running the gamut enforced by the varying demands of the stock company — thus gaining a liberal education in the drama.

In remarking this busy period of her life, Miss Darmond, who was garbed in a full fluffy silken gown, curled up in a big chair, said: "Yes, I have had ten years of experience since I made my debut in my nightie in 'Edith's Burglar,' and the lessons of those strenuous years have been very valuable to me during my two years' service under the skylights. For two seasons I played every variety of part that the changing weeks of the stock repertoire could furnish; from the wrinkled hags and toothless witches (she made a wry face at the memory, showing bewitchingly perfect teeth) down through the kingdom of female roles to the slimpsy maiden in the checked dress and the sunbonnet, with her golden hair a'hanging down her back.

"Yes indeed, my experience in stock was invaluable. It was a constant change and a spur to originality and good hard work. It would be hard to name any school nowadays more exacting than that of the stock company, where there is a change of bill every week. I have heard many actresses complain of the strain involved in the memorizing of roles under stock conditions, but confess that this was always stimulating to me."

Miss Darmond played a season in a sketch by George M. Cohan and was for two years associated with J. M. Bannister's "Auld Lang Syne" company. She delights in motion picture work and says she finds ideal artistic conditions with the Selig forces, where they are like a big family.

There, Miss Darmond has appeared in important roles in the support of Tyrone Power in "A Texas Steer," "The Servant in the House," and assumed leading feminine roles in "The Quarry," "Whom the Gods Would Destroy," and other Selig spectacular specials soon to be released.

"Well am I being merely viewed, or interviewed?" inquired the fascinating young subject, as a swarm of other actresses just down from the studio filled the green room chattering like magpies, indicating that the recess periods of the silent drama are very valuable. They "dissolved" so to speak and went on their way down the long passage to their dressing rooms. "Well the sex are so curious," remarked this wise little maid as her elders passed out of hearing. "Sh! but don't quote me, or the Indians may return for bloody reprisal as we used to say it in the old melodrama." Again the Darmond smile filled an eloquent silence.

"Ambitions? Yes, I have some. What is this, a confession of faith or just an interview?" The little head cocked on one side bird-like.

"In vaudeville we used to be so afraid to tell, the other pirates would steal our business in a minute! Oh! Yes, ambitions! Well I should like to have a lot of new dresses. I could just spend a week in Field's, but can never get down town when the sun is shining. Seriously, I should like to make good in every part that the Selig company are generous enough to give me. I believe thoroughly in the dignity of my work, and I do my best. The atmosphere here is so clear, and we are really a very happy community out here by ourselves. Mr. Selig looks in every once in a while, and we do not run and hide, as I am told they do in some studios where the appearance of the 'Boss means Storm.' So you may know he is popular with his people. I have a strong weakness for automobiles, but I have never been allowed to tackle a racing car — I have really grown to love the dignified pace of a conservative electric, that is guaranteed not to exceed the speed limit.

"Married? Nope — not for me! I've got a cat, a parrot and a pewter teapot that I inherited from a greataunt. Yes, I have determined to be an old maid." With this she deftly and almost unconsciously turned a ring on the third finger of her left hand, which she quickly explained was a "prop" used in the play in which she was taking part.

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

MOVIE PICTORIAL

ANENT THE LASKY STUDIOS

By DICK MELBOURNE

The approach to this busy center, outwardly calm, nestling in cool restful shadows, denotes part of the spirit of surprise investing the place where genius of change is dominant

THE Lasky studios give the impression that you are in the center of a theatrical institution more than any other one I know. From the time you enter the outer office until the time you leave the stages and dressing-rooms, you distinctly feel the "professional" atmosphere. You feel this in the courtesies extended and in the businesslike order that prevails, as well as in the people you meet.

There are times when you might go in blindfolded, open your eyes and look around and imagine you were in some eastern theatrical green-room or an actors' club, the faces are so familiar. Here at one time or another have appeared in Lasky productions, Dustin Farnum, Edward Abeles, Edith Taliaferro, Edith Wynne Matthison, and other big stage stars who have played for feature films produced by this firm. It is not these, however, I went to see, but the regular members of the company, those who are permanently connected with the concern and who have long been identified with it.

It is quite remarkable how much has really happened at the Lasky studios in one year and four months' time.

I paid a visit to Fred Kley, the energetic little studio manager, the all-round man, and he summed the happenings as follows: "I was introduced to Cecil de Mille at the Lambs' Club in New York at six o'clock one evening on a Friday, got a job at six ten precisely, started for Los Angeles on Monday, and arrived here with Mr. de Mille on December 12, 1913.

This is the second number of a Series on the Studios. Each issue of Movie Pictorial will contain a "visit" to one of the prominent moving picture studios. These stories will bring you closer to the players and their associates, carry you into their workaday lives, acquaint you with the daily "spinning of webs" of various human film stories by these groups of remarkable people that comprise the artist organization within the studios.

"At that time there was the one rambling building, an inadequate laboratory and a dinky little stage, poorly appointed. Today we have fine offices, squares of dressing-rooms well fitted up with every convenience, the best of laboratories, completely stocked property rooms, modeling rooms, spacious scene decks, and the largest glass studio in the state of California, besides one of the largest open air stages."

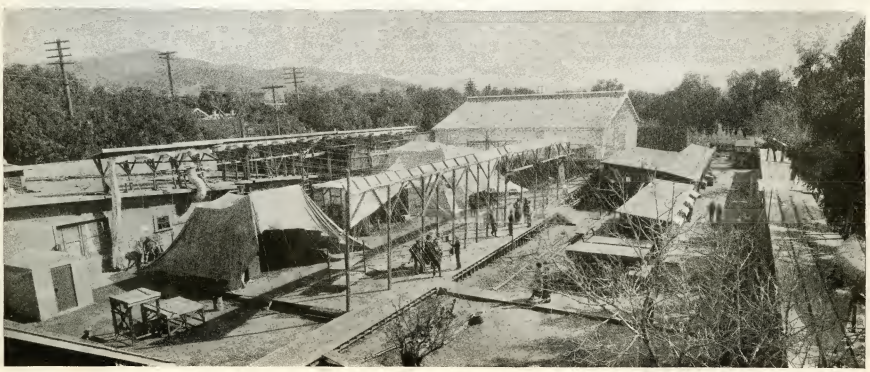
Fred Kley is a very interesting man. He started at the age of nine selling programmes in theatres, then became usher and was finally given a part in "If I Were King," with a sword to carry—NOT a spear, mind you! Another promotion, this time as prompter at eight dollars a week, at which time he also sold music at another afternoon theatre and earned another eight a week—so bit by bit he rose until he became first an actor (he admits he was never a very good one) and then stage-manager. His last engagement was with Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," after which he accompanied that actor to Europe. Kley is very proud of his new association and is a valuable man.

I NOTED the systematic offices and said "howdy" to Cecil de Mille, who has his room in one of the oldest parts of the original building—a working man's office without fur or feathers. Cecil de Mille has dark hair and not too much of it, kindly brown eyes, and it is only after one has watched his work or has talked with him that one understands the vital force of this unostentatious man.

He is the managing director and the western head of the concern, besides being part owner. It is not easy to get him talking about himself, but he is very entertaining when the barrier has been judiciously broken.

His parents did not want him to go on the stage—anything else would do, but NO theatricals—so of course both he and his brother turned their attention stagewards. Cecil went a'soldiering for a short time, but he soon returned to New York and secured a small part in "Hearts Are Trumps," in which Amelia Bingham and Edwin Arden appeared. After that he mixed writing in with his acting and wrote "The Genius," which was re-

The deserted woodland of a year ago, has been converted into a place of teeming activity where shadows are projected to sustain the substance of picturesque poetry or vivid romance



sponsible for bringing Nat Goodwin and Edna Goodrich together. He also wrote "The Royal Mounted" for Cyril Scott to star in and "Sergeant Devil May Care" for Andrew Mack and Mary Nash. Everyone who is interested in the drama has seen his "Return of Peter Grimm," which Belasco produced with David Warfield.

DE MILLE, like Kley, insists that he was NOT a good actor. Lasky sent for him one day and asked for a good sketch—something new, and de Mille handed him "California," one of the biggest vaudeville successes of all time. Like "Charley's Aunt," it is still running.

William de Mille, who writes all the stories for the Lasky people, is not unlike his brother in many respects. His office is sandwiched in between some of the dressing-rooms, and here with a stenographer he turns out an astonishing amount of work. He, too, has keen, kindly eyes and it is easy to gather that he is fond of children and of animals. He has his own ideas regarding the writing of photo-plays and has the courage of his convictions, too. He disdains set rules and writes from a purely dramatic standpoint. He is the author of "Cameo Kirby," "Strongheart," "Classmates," "The Woman," and other plays. He is a scholarly man and modest withal.

On a settee on the stage, engaged in her favorite occupation between acts, was Blanche Sweet. She is a voracious reader and a student, too. She does *not* like "giving interviews," and she told me once that she found it awfully hard to answer letters. She does not like to use a stenographer; it seems so false and artificial a manner of answering people who, themselves, took the trouble to write of their appreciation of her portrayal—they deserved the same sincerity in the reply. Therein perhaps lies a keynote to the depth of feeling actuating her work. And with it, Miss Sweet has a genuine love for beautiful things and surrounds herself with them.

This sincerity and love of beauty in all things, unquestionably combine to create the charm in her work, which unfolds itself with unremitting continuity and originality as her portrayal flashes indelibly on the mental vision.

She still has a hankering after the legitimate stage, and says she can *feel* her parts better when actually speaking along with her acting, and, with frank ingenuousness, that moreover, if one makes a mistake the first night, it can be corrected in following performances. Under David Griffith's direction, Miss Sweet was permitted remarkable opportunities and she did some splendid work—her Judith will long be remembered as masterful.

Theodore Roberts is another old standby. He has a comfortable dressing-room and his strong and vigorous personality has endeared him to his associates. He is a splendid figure of a man, so hearty and hospitable. Roberts was born in San Francisco and loves the west, and particularly California, and is thoroughly happy in his pretty bungalow. Few know that he was once a sea captain, but such is the case, and he skippered a schooner for two and one-half years, said schooner being part of the fleet owned by his father. They are a family of sailors.

He was with Fanny Davenport for eight years off and on and has acted every play worth while (particularly Gus Thomas' dramas) and we all remember his big vaudeville success, "The Sheriff of Shasta," which is a stage classic. He has fallen in love with the picture game and hopes to stay with it; he can have his home and his complete independence; have his dog and his flowers and all that makes life worth living to him. He is a great, big-hearted man.

I ran across James Neill, who is directing at Lasky's now. "Jim" was for many years actor and stage manager for Oliver Morosco and has supported famous people in his busy life. Mr. Neill has been doing sterling work for the Lasky forces and is one of the "reliables."

Allan Wyckoff showed me through the laboratories, of which he is in charge, and they have all the latest improvements and comprise a number of interesting inventions of Mr. Wyckoff's to boot. Coming out, I met good-looking, young Tom Forman, who has made much a hit in the pictures. Tom was formerly with the Universal and left them to take his present enviable position. He is a southerner, deadly in earnest, and has written some of the best stories that have been filmed by several companies. He is rising very fast and is becoming vastly popular.

George Melford was out on "locations," but a mention of the Lasky family is not complete without the man who made so many famous pictures for the Kalem Company and who is upholding his big reputation in current associations. George is very much at home with the Lasky people and believes he has opportunities he never had before.

Ethel Powell is in charge of the employment bureau and is such a delightful lady, always pleasant and willing to help. Mrs. Powell is as much a unit of the Lasky studios as anyone there, and no article would be complete without mention of her. Everyone knows Mrs. Powell and loves her.

Co-operation. Yes, whole-souled co-operation. That is the magic quality that enfolds this group of workers, all laboring with unwavering unison toward a common goal—moving pictures indelibly stamped with the hallmark of perfection in representation and heart-stirring appeal in portrayal. And into this spirit, as much a part of it as anyone, enters Jesse L. Lasky himself, generating a never-failing encouragement to each individual comprising this organization. He is a man whose life's own windings in his upward climb, would, in themselves, make a thrilling moving picture—a man whose battles, whose accomplishments and the manner of them, lend themselves to the fostering of the high ideals so cherished by those within these studio walls.

After clever geniuses had worked their millions out of vaudeville without originality in the way of change, the youthful Lasky happened in from the west and sought to provide the "Sated Denizens of the great White Way" with a novelty of Parisian flavor in the Folies Bergere. Like all innovators he had to pay the price and practically went broke. His youth and enthusiasm was now tempered by better judgment, so coupling his own original gift with cautious cleverness, he applied himself to creating big feature acts—revolutionary but remunerative—so that he soon paid his debts and accumulated a surplus on the other side of the ledger. About this time he felt the big urge and saw the opportunity in the moving picture game before it became a national pastime. With due respect for the old methods, he proposed to take it up from the new angle, and "perfection in production" became his slogan for success in winning his way in moving pictures. From the origination stage of the *idea* to the perfected product pictorially, this word "quality" has been woven impressively.

Two men at a table, magicians who have made a living volume de luxe in motography—Jesse Lasky the unwearied progenitor of it all, and Cecil de Mille who has kept it ringing true in sustaining the highest standards of the new art

THE ANGELUS

(Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868)

By BRET HARTE

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls:
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still:
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

FUTURE FILM FEATURES

Wheeler Oakman As George P. A. Jones

"The Carpet From Bagdad"

ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL

By Harold McGrath

Selig Feature In Five Parts

CAST

Fortune Chedsoye.....KATHLYN WILLIAMS
George P. A. Jones...Wheeler Oakman
Horace Wadsworth, Alias Ryanne...Guy Oliver
Mrs. Chedsoye.....Eugenie Besseser
Major Callahan.....Frank Clark
Arthur Wadsworth....Harry Lonsdale
Mahomed.....Charles Clary

A modernized page from the Arabian Nights woven in highly diverting and original fashion in the warp and woof of "The Carpet From Bagdad," gives a romance of up-to-date criminology, a new drift in the fatalism of the far East.

Kathlyn Williams As Fortune Chedsoye

This story of mystery enmeshed in a precious prayer rug, the pride and possession of an ancient temple, drifts from the lights and shadows of greater New York to quaint picturesque Bagdad, that has figured in romance since the undying days of the Arabian Nights. It drives out into the desolate desert of Sahara—as if to seek seclusion for working out the diabolical vengeance of the fanatic Mohammedan whose life mission is to guard the sacred relic. Ofcourse, he gets the good people instead of the real malefactors who sail away to the new world with a fortune in the frayed fabric of silk, their evil hearts gleeful with pictured forthcoming dissipations.

Aglow with Religious Devotion, the Arab, Mahomed, Sets Out to Recover the Sacred Carpet

He Hesitates Not at Abduction of Those He Suspects—Swiftly He Spirits Them Away Into the Desert

It is a strange story of heredity in that the mother of Fortune Chedsoye, an ideal type of young womanhood, is herself the master-mind of a band of criminals who operate all over the world. Horace Wadsworth, the younger son of a New York banker, tricked out of his inheritance by a scheming elder brother, becomes associated with this gang. How he comes into possession of the sacred carpet, and falls under the relentless eye of the guardian of the rug; how Fortune Chedsoye thinking to save Wadsworth, picks up the rug and the relic is carried temporarily conceals it in her own baggage; and how the away to America quite by accident, are all traced out with vigor and vividness. Like the modern romance, it is left indeterminate so that the observer can draw his own conclusion concerning Horace Wadsworth, who revenges wrong with crime, and the unhesitant Fortune, who repudiates her MOTHER, an enemy of society, as the ringleader of thieves and swindlers.

Effects and surroundings have been provided with lavish hand—oriental streets, temples, caravan of camels and the startling realism of the sand storm in the desert. Fine photography and delicate effects add witchery to the mystery of the Orient.

It sustains the force of the Moslem incantation: "What Is to Be, Will Be."

THIS PRODUCTION RELEASED MAY 3

Believing His Zealous Pursuit Frustrated, He Prepares to Wreak His Vengeance—Death's Shadow Envelops His Captives

Fate Guides Them All to a Meeting Place, Whence the Tide of Right Dissolves the Sand Castle of the Evil-Doers

THE FIFTH INDUSTRY, U.S.A.

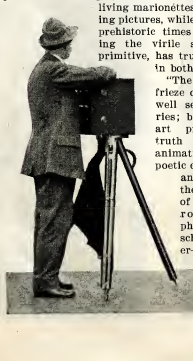
THE census man, a power potential, declares according to the facts and figures of last year's business that the art industrial of photoplay or motion picture making, now ranks fifth in the industries of the United States. This report concerning a business that seems almost confined to a decade as far as impressing the public is concerned is absolutely astonishing. When the Census Bureau declares that 385,000,000 feet of film including originals and positives was made in this country in 1914, one may readily calculate how rapidly it has run into mileage; and believe that upwards of $400,000,000 are invested in the business of making, marketing and exhibiting this vast product.

One of the pioneers of motography has written: "Curiously enough the Nobel prize for the great achievements of a decade has not recognized the almost miraculous voice-engraving that speaks and sings through the medium of the phonograph, or the wonder workings of animated photography, but it did happily recognize the equally significant triumph over space in wireless telegraphy. In view of such notable omissions the progenitors of the wonder-plays of photography in modern moving pictures need not feel altogether slighted nor lonesome. Pantomime, the oldest and most primal form of expression, prelustrated photograph, which through its deft drawing and composition, vitally revealed in meaningful and startling manner the work, the play, the big realities, or the roseate romance of this and other times.

"The moving picture conveys with power and directness many of the triumphs of the imagination that lie in the gentle genius of the poet, the necromancy of the novelist, or the vivid emotions that the dramatist reveals through the thoughtful and temperamental traits of great histrionic personalities. It enlarges and advances the realm of the theatre in vast variety of stage effect, with most imposing perspective for creating "atmosphere" which gives reality to situations, so that tears and laughter, joy and sorrow; the rhapsody of love, or the chill of tragedy imminent, lie securely in its wondrous, all-embracing arena of natural visualization.

"This new art of crystal-gazing, of thought-transference, or, what you will, materialized and vitalized in the moving pictures, has advanced so rapidly from one plane to another in accomplishment that the progenitors are still men in their prime as the wonder grows. The modest beginnings of moving pictures, interesting as they were, need not be again recounted in detail. It is a strange tale of two continents with independent investigators patiently, persistently and scientifically evolving something that has within the decades attained the dignity of an art which has not only enormously augmented the amusement possibilities and opportunities of the world, but promises to more importantly revolutionize its educational system, impressing through the eye—the brain of belief.

"The exploitation of marionettes is the oldest form of entertainment, out-dating the ox cart of Thespis (the first vehicle of the drama), so that the performance of highly sensitized and civilized human living marionettes in modern moving pictures, while harking back to prehistoric times and incorporating the virile strength of the primitive, has truly a higher aim in both fiction and fact.



"The sculpture on the frieze of Parthenon has well served the centuries; but here is a new art preservative, for truth in reality, for animating the prose and poetic expression of this and other times—the living library of the historian, the romanticist, the philosopher and the scholarly researcher—all are revealed for current delectation or instruction, and are artistically preserved for the observation of posterity. The searching eye of the camera will catch and imprison all the foils and foibles of fashion that mould our taste and mark our manners. These things which may appear strange and archaic in some distant day are significant beyond compare in retaining and reproducing for future praise our virtues, or the indictment of our follies by showing all modes that mix and make current living so pleasant, so alluring to complacent mortals who believe the Present to be perfect.

The captious and supercilious who once viewed askance this now universal form of entertainment, as demoralizing by reason of the earlier mistakes of its sophomoric days; or, in equal measure continue its condemnation because it is cheap and readily in the range of the most modest purse, might well change their prejudicial attitude by studying current conditions. The morbid, tragic and criminal trace that once tainted the crude tale the pictures told, have been fairly eliminated from film subjects in the United States of America.

"EXHAUSTIVE study of the situation, even in the minor picture playhouse, in the poorest and most congested sections of great cities, will reveal a class of innocuous (not evil)sentimental stories, rugged western romances (whose chief merit lies in virility of the idea and the beauty of natural environment), and plenty of lively, infectious, innocent comedy, with a desirable predilection for travel and educational subjects.

"The old prejudicial charges are quashed by the good genius of change; there is a multitude of features worthy of praise in this growing and popular class of entertainment. Enormous is its sphere of influence for bettering, enlightening and brightening the lives of its patrons. Good, red-blooded romance is never harmful, broad comedy never blighting, and is ever welcome in infinite variety. Essays, or talkoid versions from standard literature, realistic revivals, popular plays, carefully peopled and picturesquely presented, recreate the work of master-minds to live their old romances anew. The rewards for original work in scenarios are higher than ever before, enlisting the best pens of the age for silent and effective service. In the matter of travel, vast vistas are traversed, showing other lands than ours—strange picturesque corners of the earth, and the scenic glories and natural wonders of our own great country are vividly revealed, without weariness, giving joy and profit of travel to the multitudes forced to remain at home by stress of cramping circumstance.

"There is another line of wholesome and interesting episodes, pictorially presented to persuade and enforce hygienic truths with practical examples, showing how to act in ordinary desperate emergencies, together with sanitary and salutary lessons for the million, inspiring and inviting the ways for clean and comfortable living; and it is vastly encouraging that the educational feature films are a most useful and growing factor in the world of moving pictures. The visualized travelogues among the homes of the cliff dwellers; excursions into desolate Death Valley, pilgrimages into the wonderland of Yellowstone, Glacier Park, or revisiting the beauties of the Yosemite; and reviewing enormous engineering projets that make the world "go" as it never flew before along the line of the Panama Canal. These are but a few of the notable instances to match far excursions to the wilds of the Amazon, to the dripping forest of equatorial Africa, wanderings among the Classic shades—the perfumed land of olives and vine, or the cherry blossom of old Japan. There may be witnessed interesting tea culture, rice growing and silk industries, vying with all the quaint and curious arts of ancient India; all opening on a new world-wide field of interest, giving knowledge through the eye, the watch-tower of the mind, those things which make the body rich.

"To the millions of toilers, to the hosts of poverty prisoned in the great centers of civilization, the moving picture is a veritable feast of joy, a surprise continual, a quickener of artistic sensibilities, a rebuilder of ideals and a splendid broadner of mental fiber and moral vision. For the most insignificant investment, it transports from even the most sordid surroundings, to brighter and better things, deftly opening the door to a world of beauty, of mystery and of inspiration. With all these facts in truth, it is small wonder that moving pictures have passed into phenomenal popularity that will make them permanencies.

"From the Polar to the Anarctic regions, from the bushland of Australia to the frozen tundras of Siberia, to the far sun-lit pampas of Brazil, and in many of the wild, strange out-of-the-way places of the world, it fraternizes with the wonder of the talking-machine. It may be recalled that Shackleton and Amundsen made pictures of the almost inaccessible South Pole, and Harry Whitney secured similar scenes farthest north. It has mirrored the mirages and the wastes of the dreary desert, pictures of the people of the primeval forests of the Amazon, combining ethical and educational values with uplifting and agreeable entertainment.

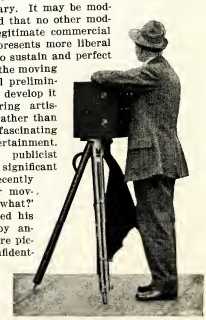
"The moving picture is as vast in its reach as the telegraphic cables under the Seven Seas that link the continents with the fraternity of flashing words.

"The great lights of the stage are loaning themselves to the film makers in order that their vanishing art may be perpetuated long after they have ceased to soothe and fascinate. The greater producers are also rallying to the colors and making plays potential with skill and subtlety for pictorial histrionism, that shall reflect and glorify the memory of the mighty dead Daly, or Irving, our one time minister of stage art, or the astonishing wizardy of our vivid and vital Belasco.

"The influence of the moving picture theaters in the small towns, the distant and even the desert places, is serving the splendid purpose of providing sound, enlightening and inspiring amusement, exercising a wholesome influence hardly to be over estimated. This is advisedly remarked without disparagement to all the agents of social and intellectual activity, that has made the country and the small-town the cradle of our great men. The picture theater is now admittedly a most reputable agent of recreation and instruction, and where it is judiciously conducted cannot help but be a power for good.

"PERHAPS we are too close to the threshold to appreciate all the prospective possibilities for the future of moving pictures, which enthusiastic prophets predict. Judging from the progression of the near past, however, there is encouragement for even the most pessimistic. We are keenly sensitive to necessities for improvement, and I do not believe anyone who has the serious side of a great and important relations and obligation for an educational as well as an entertaining agency, will neglect any opportunity to perfect the product in every advancing stage of development.

"It is regrettable that many strange estimates and fictitious conclusions have flashed into print that are neither fact, sanity nor science. In view of the nearness, the newness and novelty of both the art and the invention, popular errors have assumed emphasis concerning enormous and easy profits of the enterprise, seldom taking into account the tremendous difficulties encountered and the far greater investments necessary. It may be modestly ventured that no other modern line of legitimate commercial enterprise represents more liberal expenditure to sustain and perfect it, than does the moving picture in all preliminary stages to develop it as an enduring artistic product, rather than a merely fascinating means of entertainment.

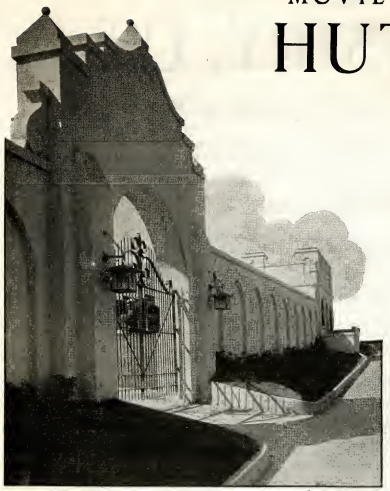


"A noted publicist sounding a significant theme, recently wrote: 'After moving pictures, what?' then dissipated his own doubt by answering: 'More pictures.' I confidently predict as a codicil of this good will: 'Better pictures.'"

MOVIE PICTORIAL

HUTCHINSON AND

By CHARLES E.



The towers of the American reservation in Santa Barbara seem to form an uplift like the letter "H" for Hutchinson

MILE-POST after mile-post on the road to success mark the progress of S. S. Hutchinson, President of the American Film Manufacturing Co., in the motion picture industry. The story of the man and the story of the new business read much alike, both have gained a position in the world within a comparatively short space of time, which never has and it is doubtful if ever will be soon equaled in any other line. Like another Alladin he had a turn in touching the magic lantern with his wand of enterprise to startle the picture world with modern motion business miracles.

Mr. Hutchinson has been identified with the film industry for some years and is known throughout film circles as exceptionally shrewd and capable. A close observer of conditions, bold and enterprising, he plans for the future with the perspicacity of a practical philosopher and carries his ideas to a successful termination.

The success of the Theater Film Service Company of Chicago and San Francisco can be credited to the judgment and sagacious management of Mr. Hutchinson, as its president and general manager during a period of two years. His business ability was again emphasized as president and general manager of the H. & H. Film Service at a time when business conditions in the film world, acording to accounts, were somewhat puzzling and pernicious.

Mr. Hutchinson voluntarily joined the ranks of the Independents at the same time he undertook the organization of the American Film Manufacturing Co., a corporation with offices in Chicago, Illinois, and London, England, and possessing one of the most attractive and artistically designed studios in the world at Santa Barbara, California. His radical move was hailed enthusiastically by the Independents as they needed artistic and astute reinforcement to assure success in their struggle for existence.

As president of the American Film Manufacturing Co., Mr. Hutchinson has devoted his time and knowledge to building up a great organization in the motion picture business. His keen insight of general affairs and thorough knowledge of the film business, his appreciation and his personal understanding of the wants and necessities of the exhibitors, coupled with a capable force of department heads, experienced directors and actors of his own selection, and a splendid plant and superb field at his command placed him in an enviable position at home and abroad.

Hutchinson is a good type of American, to head the name his organization bears—tall, spare, well set-up, with keen bright eyes, well modeled head on square shoulders, not given to talk, but some listener—he has managed to watch his step and keep well up in the procession. He had a scientific education in another line, but managed to switch successfully into the film business, without going through all the drudgery of details, that marked the painful path of the progenitors of the motion picture makers. He studied the new art form from a new angle of business and saw its possibilities, first through the service-side. Like one who runs and reads, he was wide-awake to the voice of the people, receptive to all sorts of suggestions.

To observe him smoking his beloved "dugene" moving quickly and quietly about his Chicago establishment, he virtually seems in close kinship with all of his employes, even the humblest. His knowledge of chemistry gives him an advantage in that part of his plant, and he has brought his other powers up to par through quick observation, so that his judgment concerning all details of film making, are equal to that of his skilled employes.

Afloat or ashore, while seeming leisurely, he is never idle—constantly thinking ahead. Originally concerned with the marketing, he is now just as absorbed in the making of all film bearing the mark of "The Flying A." That marking might imply something distinctly western and it did, but it soon resolved itself to occupy a wider field and the taste of the master mind of the concern demanded a new literary flavor in films, somewhat afield from the crusaders of our western civilization—the dashing cowboys, the tanned knights in buckskin and chaparajos with the charm of color of virility and romance that invested our far flung frontiers, now vanishing fast, following the trail of the trappers, the prospectors and the soldiers.

He hung a new motto over his film finders desks: "We want subjects with big fresh ideas—exceptional one and two-reel dramas and comedies especially desired for the American Beauty brand; we want heart-interest dramas." Then he relighted his pipe, smoked up, and began to watch the returns keen as a hawk. He picked up scenarios, shot in lines and situations that added "pep" and "punch." Next he took off his coat and sailed into the field of production as soon as he left his native heath Chicago, where business so completely engrossed his attention, and began inhaling the ozonated atmosphere of California. It was new and he liked it, and if he had been coldly critical in the projecting room where the pale negatives flashed by in ghostly procession, he warmed to the work in the sunlit open with enthusiasm. He began to look beyond the two, four and six-reel limit. If that popular and picturesque pioneer, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," which had so magically opened the gates of the daily press to the new world of moving pictures, could run thirteen parts, why could he not secure a subject that would outspan the issues of the "Million Dollar Mystery" and run thirty parts, so he made the daring diversion that is eventuating in "The Diamond From the Sky."

CALIFORNIA with its climate, now has many other calling claims in the way of wonders; they are bewildering now two expositions have added the weight of alluring publicity to the current call: "Go West!"

The vine-clad foothills of the Sierras, the orange groves, the one-time deserts blooming like the rose proverbial, have made lower California one of the famed garden spots of the world. All these things reveal anew the truths of the optimistic

"Liberty, equality and fraternity," the watchwords of in creating a new era for age-old Europe; but far great when in America, the wand of Progress touched the auct established a world-wide precedent in making all men f old conditions, but Europe was slow to acknowledge it, tage were even essential to successful commercialism. business in this country has been remarkable beyond c

Without regard to forbears or inherited fortunes, n to the front, girdled the land with railroads; unearthed n and developed new fields. The inventor has been prolif the powers of steam and electricity have been develope to make the age one of advance par excellence. It w had taught us speed to advance in every material directi who had the wisdom and the enterprise to grasp the adva

writing vesper boundle tined t Santa of the e one of to trav writers island-g that it Santa tinctly sea, refl the bea mountai hanced in addi place a America On Ja from La conquest trail bla Highwa askance actors f respecta until a

The formal garden is complemented by the floral chariots of the visitors in the background

The Administration Building is the dignified architectural compositio

ND THE AMERICAN

LE E. NIXON

he watchwords of the French Revolution, were masterful
ope; but far greater was the wonder of the centuries
touched the auction block and freed the slave — that
making all men free and equal. This influence abolished
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erited fortunes, new and unknown men bravely forged
oads; unearthed natural resources; originated new forces,
or has been prolific; the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine,
ve been developed and harnessed, to lessen labor and
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writings of the old padres whose mission bells rang vesper music over the wastes of sand to the east or the boundless Pacific to the west—that this land was destined to be the new Eden of the world.

Santa Barbara, "City of the Smiling Channel," is one of the enchanting places of the state of California. It is one of the foremost "See America first" points known to travelers. A world of eloquent enterprising copy-writers have referred to it as "sun-kissed, ocean-washed, island-guarded, mountain-girded"—little wonder then that it has become a Mecca for tourists.

Santa Barbara possesses a charm *sui generis* (distinctly its own). Within the curving bay, is a smiling sea, reflecting by day the rays of sunlight and by night the beams of moonlight that fall over the shadowy mountain crest. The natural beauties have been enhanced by appreciative man who has spared no expense in adding architectural wonders. In this paradisical place are located the studios and laboratories of the American Film Manufacturing Company.

On July 5th, 1912, the "Flying A" cowboys rode up from La Mesa, a distance of about 250 miles, like the conquestadors and padres of old, rode over the first trail blazed in California, El Camino Real (The King's Highway). The natives of Santa Barbara looked askance at the rough travel-stained aggregation. The actors followed and the entire troupe formed quite a respectable colony. Temporary quarters were secured until a permanent location could be found. In the fall of the same year ground was broken for the new and permanent home. Elaborate plans had been prepared, and the construction work was carefully and consistently executed.

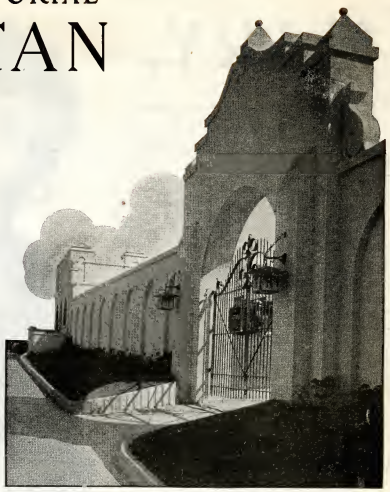
It is a studio of beauty, firm and substantial, serviceable and satisfying, making a gorgeous setting on the dreamy slopes surrounding it with the mountain ranges furnishing a magnificent background. Its proximity to the famous Santa Barbara, Franciscan Mission whose altar lights have not been dimmed since its founding in 1786, has loaned the studio a soul and atmosphere unusual. The graceful, commanding towers of the mission have been reproduced, likewise the arched cloisters; but instead of brown-robed friars finding seclusion and rest therin, the photoplay stars here find inspiration and incentive for their task in serving the public.

Less imposing features of old architecture have been embodied in the low adobe buildings suggested by the high ornamental wall that makes up the major portion of the imposing front. In the center of this attractive facade is the principle arch with its ornamental iron gates, constituting the driveway into the semi-tropical growths and formal gardens.

The spirit of early California has been embodied and renewed in all that makes up the exterior of the buildings. The main buildings cluster about the open court like the Spanish mansion patios, where in times of old, polite cavaliers paid homage to fair senoras and senoritas with the imposing royal air of Castilian gallantry.

The Administration Building not unlike a sentry, towers superior to the other structures with majestic dignity. Upon entering this structure, with exterior appearance of quiet, it seems incongruous to encounter the restless atmosphere of a metropolitan office. Immediately off from the main office, is the sanctum of Samuel S. Hutchinson, with its windows opening on the gardens and shining through the street. An inside tier provides offices for the directors. In the same building is located the projecting room, as completely equipped as a modern theater and the chemical laboratories where all negatives are developed are located on the upper floor of the building.

On the opposite side of the grounds is a building similar to the one described, where are located the Green-rooms and dressing-rooms for actors. The most imposing building of the group is the magnificent glass studio which sets far back from the street, glistening a shining mark in the sunshine or the slanting moon rays at night.



The Arch of the central entrance gives a semblance of the "Flying A" so that the symbolism is attractively impressive

The garage, carpenter shops, etc., are conveniently located, designed to add to the artistic effect of the whole. The large court in the center of the group of the buildings is a formal garden, the full view of which is screened from the street by the high ornamental concrete wall and iron fence, through the gates of which one can secure only a glimpse of the attractiveness within.

Every consideration has been given looking to the personal convenience of the players. The grounds are beautifully laid out and no expense has been spared to supply pleasing environment. The natural beauties and the artistic effects installed, make a charming combination which stimulates ideals and yields most efficient results. The buildings and grounds cover an area of 125,000 square feet.

Three American companies are now working at Santa Barbara and the aggregation makes one happy colony. The first two companies are under direction of Sydney Ayres and Thomas Ricketts, respectively producing the "Flying A" productions, while the "Beauty" company is under the direction of Harry Pollard.

The location of the studios in a community of culture, has added to the personnel of the acting forces. They are not of the street posing variety but have established their own homes or have taken up their residences in the foremost hotels where the comforts of home life can be indulged in and are appreciated. They move dignifiedly in the best of society in the city and suburbs. To the new comer the surroundings and atmosphere make such a strong impression that it all seems a dream from which the fear of awakening is a disagreeable reality.

Lower California, with its picturesque environment and its sunshine favoring photography, has been wonderfully alluring to makers of moving pictures. Singularly enough Edward Muybridge, the father of moving pictures, made his earliest experiments in the new art form in this locality so that it is peculiarly appropriate this should now be the great filming center of the universe and that Hutchinson of the American should find his motographic aims and ideals centered in this environment under its stimulating spell and branded "American."

g is the dignified center of the American
tectural composition

The Pergola, now vine covered, forms a refreshing, pleasant screen for dressing-rooms

MARY, "CLOSE-UP"

By CALDER JOHNSTON

Little Mary Up-To-Date)

SO MANY curious and erroneous impressions evolve in association with film favorites, it is as interesting as it is unusual to have a "close-up" of Mary Pickford, the most popular personage in the world of photoplay. It is gratifying to become acquainted with the real woman whose shadow is known to so many millions, who is almost a national pride point, and learn that she has a grace, a charm and simplicity in real life, akin to the temperamental traits and wonderful versatility that have made little Mary Pickford the queen of the screen.

I can see Mary Pickford very clearly in my mind in three distinct and diverse situations.

First I recall the day I spent at the Famous Players studios, at the time that "Such a Little Queen" was being made. Trying scenes were taken and difficult business devolved from early morning until late that evening, but she never showed any sign of weariness or ill-temper which is more than can be said for some other members of the cast, one or two of whom grumbled over the long day's work and strenuous rehearsals. She was the same to everyone, director or property man; she partook of the same lunch and was, in fact, "one of them." She was a human motion picture actress—not the star that stood apart.

Again I can see her as she led the grand march at the Photoplayers' Ball in Los Angeles at the big Shrine Auditorium which was packed to the roof; the chief attraction being the opportunity for the general public to see "Little Mary." She received a tremendous ovation as she came down the decorated hall on the arm of bulky Dell Henderson (then with the Biograph and now of the Keystone forces), president of the Photoplayers' Club. She looked so sweet, so demure and petite while she made no secret of the gratification she felt at her reception at the hands of the public and also of her comrade photoplayers who were gathered in force. Here is a strong point in this clever and ever delightful little actress, for she is just as popular with her fellow players as she is with the public. Be it remembered that temperamental jealousies exist in the profession, but I have yet to hear the motion picture artist, male or female, that openly disputes Mary Pickford's place in screenland.

Finally I recalled the meeting of Mary and her Mother at the gate of their bungalow, one of the rare occasions that Mrs. Pickford had not been with her daughter during the day. I was passing at the time and observed the affection existing between a lovely woman and a dutiful daughter, delightfully unfeigned and far from posing matters theatrical. Mary Pickford loves her whole family devotedly and a girl who does this and who never says anything mean about her own folks, is worth while in any walk of life —even when she is a high salaried star.

The whole truth regarding Mary Pickford is that she is absolutely unspoiled, natural and sweet dispositioned; that she is the fortunate possessor of one of the prettiest faces that the good God ever gifted a woman with and that she is an excellent actress who can look more pathetic than any girl ever could and who can conjure a smile from the biggest grouch in Christendom. I have seen her in a large number of photoplays, some of them well written and some of them loosely constructed, but in every one of them she has held me by the sheer force of her personality, the personality which commands one's silent adoration.

She has not always been a high priced artist. She is very young yet and can easily remember the time when she commanded the sum of twenty-five dollars per week; this was not for long, however, and almost before she knew it and had recovered from the surprise, she drew five hundred a week, and then a little later one thousand, and now she has a contract which calls for two thousand and a percentage of the profits. She is worth that, too, or else she would not be allowed to take it and the lovely part of it all is that she is as level-headed today as she was at the time she was handed her little old twenty-five of a Saturday night. One might believe that Mary Pickford would get satiated with the admiring gifts and letters, but such is not the case; she is just as genuinely delighted today over the acceptance of some unusual gift or a genuine letter as she was several years back.

Probably nothing has given her more sincere pleasure than the silver loving cup and the album which contained 13,651 autographs from admirers in Australia which was given her during a rehearsal of "The Stepsister," and of which a motion picture was made to send to the Antipodes. Writing of these letters reminds me that she orders her photographs in lots of five thousand and moreover autographs, every one of them herself.

It is easy to see where Mary obtained her good looks, for the resemblance between Mrs. Pickford and her daughter is marked, and if the pictures had been in vogue years ago there might have been another—a third celebrity of feminine persuasion on the screen. I say third, advisedly, for Mary's sister, Lottie, is a splendid little actress who is now engaged by the American Company at Santa Barbara to take the lead in the new serial story, "The Diamond from the Sky," which won the Chicago Tribune prize of ten thousand dollars. Lottie takes after the father who was taken away when the children were small. She is dark and a little taller than the famous Mary. Jack, the male member of the family, favors Lottie more than he does Mary and is making a name for himself with the Famous Players. It would be difficult to find a cleverer or a more united and charming family anywhere than the Pickfords.

There is an idea, possessed by many people which I should like to dispel—that Mary Pickford could hold her position by virtue of her sweet face. Such a thing is indeed quite impossible. I have known a number of really pretty girls who

The various characters, as she has portrayed them, require acting of the highest order, and mere pulchritude would never command the rigid attention that she gets in her photoplays. Mary Pickford is a genius in her particular line

are extras today and will always be so for the reason that they are without the personal magnetism and the eminent ability to act. An actress even with personality, cannot command any continuing success if she does not possess histrionic ability. Miss Pickford does not need much rehearsing, for she has the ability to feel and to fathom the reason of the action to be portrayed and to, moreover, really feel the underlying emotion. She will often pause and say: "Do you not think that it would be more natural for me to do so and so?" She is usually right and her directors yield the concession and let her do it in that particular way. It would be easy for her to go hustling haughtily through her part without worrying her little head about it, but she is genuinely interested in every phase of her art and "gets into" every part she undertakes. The varied characters as she has portrayed them, require acting of the highest order, and mere pulchritude would never command the rigid attention that she gets in her photoplays. Mary Pickford is a genius in her particular line. She returned to the regular stage for a time and carried her audiences with her on the Boards as convincingly and as charmingly as she does in the "movies" and it is well known that she has received some flattering offers to return to her first love, but that she prefers her second where she is almost an *institution* as an idolized individual who has within so short a time given so much joy and grace to the Silent Stage.

If I Were A Director?

AN APPEAL

RECEPTIVITY of mind and heart is the true characteristic de luxe of personal greatness. Just to be able to realize that one does not know everything about one's chosen profession, that even a little child or a seasonal tramp may teach, is a lofty rung on the ladder of Eminence. The trouble is that, while all of us desire greatness, we shut the door in our faces and lock it, often eternally, with the Key of Self-Satisfaction.

No one denies the greatness of the "movie" director. He is the undeniable power behind the throne. He, it is that makes or mars the screen production, invents the thrills (mostly), goes the photoplaywright one better and often makes us stand on tiptoe, as it were, struggling to catch a glimpse of his magnetic personality behind or over the heads of the actors and actresses.

There are some productions so wonderfully staged, so minutely perfect in detail, so full of brilliant action and appealing heart-interest, that no criticism of the director or the seemingly-inspired portrayers of the story, is in order. For these masterpieces of filmdom we duly give thanks. But there are others wherein there seems to be a studied lack of care—productions that vaguely make us feel that they are released because it was release day and something had to be turned out. Five or ten cents is not an exorbitant investment for an hour's entertainment, it is true, and, if some anachronisms and some little slips which give us that "wish-it-hadn't" feeling occur, we are not out much as far as the coin of the realm is concerned. But—realism has suffered!

Criticism, digested and absorbed, builds the tissue of Perfection.

Aristotle was a great teacher in his day and the world sat agape at his Knowledge, but he didn't know as much as the simplest of us today. Probably if others of his time, obscure and self-effacing, had revealed to him the thoughts surging and thronging their brains, civilization might have donned seven-league boots then and there. And so today there are thoughts, dormant and stifled, that are daily retarding Progress because they are unexpressed. The selfsame thoughts springing from other brains ten, twenty or a hundred years hence may change the very orbit of civilization.

Taking the smallest things first, if I were a Director there would be no misspelled words in my leaders and inserts. This is gross, unforgivable carelessness and no vivisection of the movie game is necessary to prove this to the intelligent screen fan. Time was when realism was obtained with small attention to detail, but that soft day has trailed into the dim and misty past. "The Lost Sermon," a fairly good offering, theatrical in spots, but one that could have "gotten over" was spoiled for me by the word "hesitation" rendered "hestitation" in one of the inserts. A small thing? True! But right there, for *me* anyway, the product lost its inspiration and became man-made, instead of an interesting natural portrayal of events.

If I were a Director, an actress who is old enough to take a woman's part in a drama, should dress her hair as a woman does. People are tiring of eternal bows and unnatural curls, such as no graduate from the stage of socks and caps would dream of wearing. I have often heard people say, "Why do you suppose all moving picture actresses wear their hair streaming in their eyes?" *Why* indeed? Heavens knows, unless the Director admires flowing tresses or hairpins are unknown in studios! There are some most worthy and refreshing examples on the other side, Winifred Greenwood being a shining instance. She has won my everlasting regard by her respectable order-loving coiffure. One gets the feeling that she knows something about ordinary human habits. She wouldn't don a coat suit of the latest mode, a fetching hat and spoil the effect with a bunch of "shavings" curls.

If I were a Director, I would be on the constant look-out for stale scenes—scenes that are worn slick from overuse. For an example, take the scene of a maid delivering mail on a tray to the hero or heroine as the case may be. Now this method of receiving mail is doubtless the fixed one in a few homes. But I know plenty of people who, eager with anticipation meet the postman at the door or even go as far as to take a peep in the letter-box! And (here is meat for the photoplaywright) if my heroine were eager for a letter, I'd make her swing on the front gate in restless anticipation or shoot up the postoffice and carry it off by main force. *Anything* but the *stale* thing!

Love scenes are vivid lingering examples of monotony enscreened. The lovers' embrace is seemingly the only strong finale available in the average photoplay varied by the lover with bandaged head *(always* the head) prone on his cot, patting the sorrowful, kneeling heroine affectionately, clear on into the misty oblivion of the slowly dissolving picture. Surely *all* men don't make love in the same way! Where would be the incentive of changing one's lover occasionally if they did?

If I were a Director, I would invent some original love scenes if it cost me my job.

Another undesirous thing that frequently mars a creditable picture is the fact that after the cry of "One, two, three—Action! Camera!"—the camera gets there first! In a recent western picture, the second reel opened with a wild ride by some cow punchers. A road, with a bend to the left, appeared on the screen. The riders were behind this bend, awaiting the signal to go, and *go* they did with a vim, but it was a fraction of a second too late! The trees were not very thick and the camera had revealed the whole of them awaiting the word, screened behind the trees. Just a second, it's true, but where was the idea of a long wild ride? Now if such an absurdity was caught by the fan, surely the Director must have been "off his job."

Other things, such as an actor striking a wall (?) and seeing it ripple like the surface of a lake, happen occasionally. A retake of the scene would be an added expense, but the photoplay would be sustained in semblance of reality.

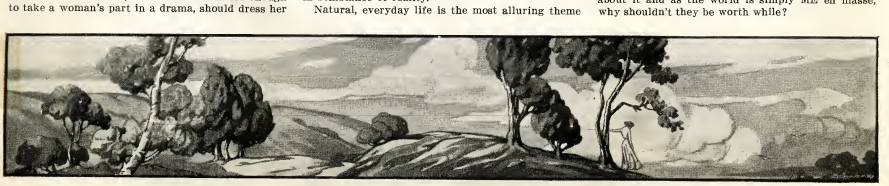
Natural, everyday life is the most alluring theme in the world—the more natural the portrayal of life is, the more intense the interest evidenced. I think the most natural, attractive from the standpoint of sincerity, and truly interesting photoplay I've ever witnessed was Broncho's "Shorty Escapes Matrimony." The characters were human and the actors the living embodiment of them. Thomas Chatterton as delightful "Tom Crowne" was a treat and Rhea Mitchell's sympathetic, tender "Nell" an untarnished joy. This picture made a sensational hit in my home town, where expensive features and "high-class" dramas had failed to score. This feature (in four reels) brought laughter and tears and left a thrill that lingered for days. If I were a Director with my hand on the pulse of the public, unclean dramas that stir the worst in the best of us, sensational melodramatic features of impossible life would find scant courtesy in my studio. But natural, human pictures of everyday life, its hopes and its hurts, its ambitions and its struggles would be my highest delight.

Life re-enacted is life glorified! Nowhere else do we find the complete forgetfulness of self so evident in the pulsing interior of a moving picture theater. Those of us who, entering the semi-darkness, have stumbled over half a dozen pairs or so of sprawling legs whose owners were too interested in the rapid-fire comedy of the screen to draw them up, know this. Here, at our side, a factory worker sniffles audibly over the pain of the heroine, a society debutante. In front a teamster, who looks as if law and order were unknown quantities to him, breathes a stifled sigh of appreciation, and *humanity is the keynote.* Surely, life is a level plain.

Therefore then, theatrical, stagy effects are to be deplored. What makes a picture vital to every onlooker is the feeling that *he would do the same if placed under like circumstances!*

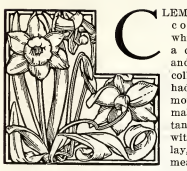
An amusing example of an over-theatrical effect was a two-reeler, an appealing story of a high-caste Japanese married to a Japanese actress from whom he was about to be separated by a cruel decree. The setting was beautiful and the story had moved along smoothly toward the farewell scene. The audience, or *spectators* were suffering more or less audibly with the heroine, the music was pathetic and appropriate. The husband advanced to bid his little wife "good-bye." He reached out his arms despairingly—dropped them—the action was repeated —yet again. The husband then faced the camera and treated all to a series of painful, facial grimaces for five whole minutes (apparently) which brought first amazement, unbelief and finally—an outburst of derisive laughter which spread like wildfire throughout the theater. I can laugh any time I think about it. The key to the situation was dangling from a remark overheard between gasps of choking laughter, "Who ever heard of a man twisting his mouth like that?" Goodness gracious, *where was* the Director?

Granted that the whole universe of filmdom revolves around the "fan" who is, after all, the final arbiter, I submit these observations to the Director on their face value. Good or bad, it's the way *I* feel about it and as the world is simply ME en masse, why shouldn't they be worth while?



The Secret of Paint Creek

FINAL INSTALLMENT



CLEM resumed his coat and shoes, which he found on a chair by the bed, and adjusted his collar and tie, which had also been removed. He would make the acquaintance of the family without further delay, and secure means of returning to town, or, at least, of getting into communication with Bob McKee. With this idea he walked across to the door, and turned the knob. It was locked.

Clem stared at the panels blankly. He was a prisoner, or something suspiciously like it. With a wild sweep of anger he seized the knob and shook it violently with one hand while he commenced an assault on the oaken panels with the other. In the silence of the house the racket must have been prodigious, but there was no response. Not content, Clem raised his voice in a series of angry "halloos."

Breathless, he finally desisted.

He walked back to a chair by the window, and mechanically reached into his pocket for his pipe and tobacco pouch. The fact that they were still there led him to explore his other pockets. Not one of the miscellaneous assortment of letters and papers, with which they bulged, had been disturbed. Clem stared out into the gathering darkness, searching the misty outlines of the trees and shrubbery below. He was trapped effectually.

There was only one ray of hope in the situation. At least four persons knew that the bungalow was his destination, Della Murray, the two Hopes, and the chauffeur whom he had left waiting on the pike. The latter of course would have returned to town long before this, and probably would have taken the account of his passenger's disappearance to The Bugle office. Bob McKee was not a person to allow such a story to pass without immediate investigation, particularly in view of the character of the mission which Clem had undertaken.

The reporter knew that his partner would arouse the whole county before morning if he did not find him. Under the most unfavorable conditions, help could not be far away. So absorbed was Clem in his reflections that the key had turned in the door and a man had stepped into the room before he sensed the presence of a new comer.

"Good evening, young sir! I presume that I am addressing Mr. Peyton?"

AS CLEM sprang to his feet an electric button in the wall clicked, and a burst of yellow light flooded the chamber.

"We are equipped with our dynamo, you see. All the conveniences of the city in the country," continued the speaker smoothly.

Clem glared silently. The man before him was a complete stranger. In appearance, at least, there was nothing about him to suggest the conventional idea of a jailor. He was a tall, elderly man, with thick white hair, and white moustache and beard, the latter trimmed to a point in a peculiar foreign fashion. The reporter broke the silence grimly.

"I presume that you have come to release me?"

The other raised his eyebrows slightly. "Really, Mr. Peyton——"

Clem brushed past him impatiently, and stepped toward the door. The next instant his shoulder was seized in a grip that made him wince, and he was spun sharply around. With a smile he stepped between Clem and the door.

"I fear that you are jumping at conclusions. I assumed from the sounds from your room that you were again your former self. As soon as possible I ascended to you. Whatever you may think, I am here as a friend."

"A friend?" snapped Clem.

"Exactly. So much so that I came to offer you a little token of my regard. I am enough of a medical man to see that you are badly in need of a vacation. As a friend, it will give me pleasure to provide the means for such a vacation—say, to the extent of a thousand dollars. In return, I am trusting that you will do me a small favor."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Clem Peyton, editor, and Bob McKee, business manager, of the Warrendown Bugle, face failure through the lack of a "Scoop" to put it over their more fortunate rival, The Argus. At this psychological moment of despair, the Coroner fortuitously appears and tells of a tragedy at a lone country place on Paint Creek. Peyton arrives on the ground first and is engrossed in a sinister story, when in drives the Sheriff accompanied by his repetorial rival on The Argus just from the scene of a $10,000 bank robbery. Peyton has not yet succeeded in solving the murder mystery, but handily picks up enough concerning the bank robbery to phone the Bugle office, and "save their bacon" in that sensational financial detail. Then he meets Della Murray, a Warrentown belle, who naively identifies the photograph of the alleged bank-robber he had from the Sheriff. He has penetrated the disguise of the man found hanging, and discovers the photograph bears a striking resemblance to this victim. With this new clue he starts to investigate the mysterious bungalow up Paint Creek, that he feels is interlinked with the tragedy. During this hunt he falls over a cliff, back of the bungalow, and for the time loses consciousness in the mystery.

"AND what is that?" asked Clem staring.

"Nothing that I think will inconvenience you, I assure you. It is only that you start on your vacation—at once. In other words that you will allow my chauffeur to drive you to Waverley in season to catch the midnight express west. And as a matter of form, I might add that you give me your promise not to communicate with your friends for three days!"

"Say, are you drunk—or crazy?"

"Neither. I trust."

"Then I must accept the alternative that you are deliberately offering me a bribe to disappear."

The other shrugged. "Really, my young friend, I had been led to believe that you were of a more reasonable disposition!"

Clem scowled. "And if I do not accept your hush money what am I to expect?"

The eyes surveying the reporter became suddenly hard. "You will force me to a very disagreeable and unpleasant task—one that may even involve serious consequences for you!"

Clem laughed. "Why don't you order the prisoner to be removed to the deepest dungeon beneath the moat? You might as well carry out the rest of the melodrama! or, have you come to the more reasonable conclusion that my friends are looking for me, and will be here shortly, even if they have not already arrived!"

There was just a suspicion of a frown on the other's face. "When I tell you, Mr. Peyton, that the entire county could not interfere with my plans for your disposal, I mean what I say! I have offered you the easiest thousand dollars you have ever made in your life! If you do not care to accept my offer, the unpleasant alternative will affect only you alone!"

The speaker nodded shortly, and without a backward glance, stepped through the doorway. Clem heard the key turn in the lock and the sound of retreating steps beyond. For just an instant he was tempted to another vain assault on the door. It was with an effort that he controlled himself. He walked back and forth, reviewing the astonishing conversation and its ending. The laugh, with which he tried to dismiss it, was rather forced. There was an undercurrent of grim assurance about the words of his strange visitor. If the man had blustered, or had lost his temper, Clem would have been much less impressed. He could not forget the suggestion in the other's manner that he was accustomed to command whatever situation in which he found himself.

He found himself again at the window, listening with an anxiety which he could not conceal for signs which might betoken any unexpected commotion in the vicinity, and which might announce the arrival of friends. He swung around abruptly, every nerve alert.

From the hall had come a faint cautious scraping as of a key being inserted quietly in his door. He crossed the room swiftly. His foot brushed against a chair, and he seized it by the back and half raised it. In a pinch it would serve as at least a crude weapon of defence.

FOR a moment he waited breathless. And then he saw the door open softly. Through the aperture appeared the face of Faith Morrison.

The girl's finger went to her lips at his involuntary exclamation, and he saw that she was beckoning him to follow her. He stepped into the hall, and she closed and relocked the door before she spoke. The hall was illumined only by a single bulb in the ceiling, but in the uncertain light he could feel her eyes searching his face intently.

He was on the point of speaking when she said in a low whisper of command: "You will please follow me!"

She turned without giving him an opportunity to answer, and glided down the hall. Clem shrugged as he followed. It might be a trap, of course, but in any event he was certain of being given more of a chance to strike for his freedom than from behind a locked door.

He could not be worse off, and he knew now that it was fear and not friendliness which had inspired his removal to Beech Hill Bungalow. Glancing back from a flight of stairs at the end of the hall, the girl gathered her skirts, and began a cautious descent. Clem emulated her apparent desire for secrecy, more and more puzzled. In the lower hall she paused as though listening, and then turning to the right, led him through what was evidently the dining-room into the kitchen. The latter room was in darkness.

He could hear the girl pause and fumble about a small table by the wall, and then the sputtering light of a candle sprang up before him, and showed her unlocking another door. A breath of damp air swept into his face as she passed through the opening it revealed, and began picking her way down a short flight of cement steps.

CLEM hesitated until she reached the bottom. She raised the candle above her head as she glanced back. Should he risk a dash through a kitchen door or window—or should he continue his blind obedience to the mysterious girl in the darkness? Perhaps it was because Clem was a very young man that he accepted the latter alternative, and made his way down the steps until he stood at the side of the girl below. She gave a little nod without speaking, and stepped across the cement floor to the opposite wall of what Clem could now see was the cellar of the house.

Her next action brought a gasp of astonishment from him. Holding the candle above her head she ran her right hand over the apparently solid surface before her. Clem saw now that the wall before which she stood was not built of cement but of huge bowlders, chiseled so that each was almost square. The girl was standing in front of one of these, whose upper edge was perhaps the height of her waist. Her hand suddenly paused, and pressed inward. As it did so, the bowlder swung clear around on a cunningly fashioned iron pivot, disclosing a double opening into a narrow subterranean passage into the cliff.

Clem started forward, but even as he reached the wall his attention was transfixed for the moment by an even stronger object of interest than the secret passage. Close up under the walls of bowlders was a broken bit of green chalk. He stooped and closed his hand over it before his companion was aware of his action, and straightened with his brain again whirling. It was just such a piece of chalk that had sketched the cryptic green arrow on the shirt of the dead man. Even the most indifferent could scarcely explain his discovery as the long arm of coincidence.

THE tattered straw hat that he had found at the boat house; the chain of evidence which had first directed his attention to the bungalow; his own imprisonment; and finally the deliberate offer of a bribe if he should conveniently disappear—all of these formed a chain of reasoning to which there was but one answer. By accident, blunder, or skill he was hot on the trail of the mystery of Paint Creek. That the secret of Beech Hill Bungalow and the secret of the dead man on the oak tree were one and the same he no longer doubted.

These reflections flashed through his mind with a startling emphasis, and yet so swiftly that his guide had not yet made her first step into the passage before he was at her shoulder. Peering around her Clem could see that the passage led sharply down over a series of roughly fashioned stone steps. Even in his first glimpse it was evident that it was not the work of man.

He was given no opportunity for a longer survey, however. With a gasp of consternation, the girl retreated back against him, and into the cellar. From the darkness of the passage had appeared the gleam of a flash light.

Desperately his guide turned to the pivot bowlder, but it was not until he had placed his own shoulder against it also that it swung back into place. For an instant the girl stood, with her eyes searching the cellar frantically. Seizing his arm she sprang across to a row of high casks. Afterward Clem could not tell just why he obeyed her pantomimic command so implicitly. He saw her extinguish her light, and then they were both crouching on the floor in the shadow of their partial concealment as the bowlder in the cliff swung outward again.

Chapter VIII

THE CLIMAX

INTO the cellar stepped the wielder of the flash light. The sight of his face all but forced a gasp of amazement from Clem. It was the face of the dead man he had seen swaying from the oak tree on the creek bank! But there was this difference, the heavy brown moustache was gone!

The new comer closed the bowlder behind him and stood for a moment frowning uncertainly. In his left hand he carried a small black leather case, suggesting a physician's instrument bag. With a shrug he turned finally across the cellar toward the kitchen steps. For just an instant an expression of sudden and supreme triumph flashed across his face. There was something startling in the depths of seething emotion it disclosed. Through his clenched lips his breath came with a sudden wheezing gasp. His foot reached the first step of the stairs and his flash light was swung around to illumine his ascent. And then——

A match caught the candle in the girl's hand, and she stepped out from the casks.

"If you take another step, Jerry Reynolds, I shall shoot!" she called in a low steady voice. Clem saw that from somewhere in her dress she had produced a diminutive revolver.

The man on the stairs whirled about. The coolness of his gaze spoke volumes for his repression, and the iron will that must have animated him. Except for a scarcely perceptible quiver in his close-set eyes there was no sign that he realized that the situation was out of the ordinary.

"Drop that bag!" The girl raised her weapon, and Clem could see that her finger was pressing the trigger. The man obeyed without a word, and then, with a cat-like spring, threw himself backward, at the same instant hurling his flash light straight into the girl's white face.

Her candle dropped to the floor, and she cried out as though in pain. Blindly, recklessly Clem sprang toward the stairs. The drama was as yet only a riddle to him, but he needed no explanation to tell him which was the cause of justice. Whoever, whatever the girl might be, every instinct called to him to battle in her behalf. He had a vague view of a dark, crouching figure on the stairs and his hand caught a swinging leg. There was a smothered curse from above him, his arm was wrenched as though the limb was tearing from its socket, and then as Clem felt himself being flung backward, the kitchen door was swung open, and a hoarse voice echoed down into the cellar. It was the voice of Bob McKee!

"Clem! I say, Clem Peyton!"

Clem struggled to his knees. "Is that you, Bob? For God's sake, get a light!" He felt a figure brush past him in the direction of the swinging howlder. "Watch the other side of the cellar!" he yelled. "The fellow is trying to escape through the cliff!"

HE HEARD a gasp from the direction of the bowlder, and felt the cold air from the passage. Evidently the stone had not been closed tightly, or the fugitive must have had superhuman strength. And then at last from the head of the cellar steps came the welcome gleam of a search light.

Against the wall of bowlders it showed the dark opening of the hidden passage, and in the aperture the distorted face of the man called Jerry Reynolds. For just an instant it was visible before the bowlder thudded back into place.

Clem sprang across the cellar, and his hands tore at the stone. He was conscious that Faith Morrison was at his side, trying to aid him, that others were springing down the stairs from the kitchen, and then from deep down in the howels of the cliff came a tearing, muffled explosion.

For a moment the earth, itself, seemed to be rocking. The partially opened bowlder was wrenched outward, and from the passage poured a cloud of stinging dust and gravel. Clem reached out instinctively to catch the girl, and half dragging her, stumbled toward the stairs. He saw Bob McKee springing down to aid him, and behind him the figures of Rogers, Sheriff Johnson and Ed Hope.

From the head of the steps there now appeared another addition to the group, the gray-haired man who had offered him the astonishing bribe. The arms of Faith Morrison were flung around his neck.

"Was it a success, Uncle?" she gasped.

Chapter IX

HOW IT ALL ENDED

IT WAS perhaps half an hour later. From a couch in the big living room of the bungalow Clem raised his head, and insisted upon having tobacco. Faith Morrison, from the depths of a great leather rocker, nodded permission to Bob McKee to supply the request.

With his pipe well alight, Clem glanced around at the occupants of the room. It was a curious group. Pacing back and fortb was the gray-haired figure of the reporter's erst-while jailor, whom he now knew to be Professor Andrew Wilkins. Seated about the apartment in varying attitudes of impatience were Sheriff Johnson, Dr. Mowry, Ed Hope, and his son. In the doorway was lounging Rogers, with a half smoked cigar for company.

"Don't you think we can stand the story now?" Clem demanded. "I for one refuse to be treated as an interesting invalid any longer."

Bob McKee glanced inquiringly at Professor Wilkins. That gentleman ceased his restless patrol, and cleared his throat.

"Our young friend is right. I presume that I am the logical narrator of the occasion." He paused reflectively, and then continued gravely: "In order to make clear my position in the affair, perhaps I should begin with my connection with Jerry Reynolds, and the tragedy of the creek. I shall be as brief as possible. The man whose body was discovered by Mr. Hope and his son was my cousin, and partner, Murray Reynolds. I, at least, was entirely ignorant of this fact until within the last few minutes.

"JERRY REYNOLDS, the convict, was Murray's own brother, a man who possessed as great a capacity for evil as Murray did for good. We had not heard of Jerry for a year and more until early last evening when he appeared at the house here, begging pitifully for shelter and concealment, and claiming that enemies were seeking his life. I gave Murray, who was our guest at the time, permission to take him in, and suggested that he conceal his brother in what we call the 'cliff chamber.'

"It is really nothing more than a small cave at the foot of the cliff, from which a passage leads up into the cellar of the bungalow. My niece and I discovered it quite hy accident, and partly for our own amusement, and partly with the idea that it might be of service to me in certain electrical experiments of mine, we fashioned steps down to it, and at the upper end of the passage I constructed a swinging bowlder as an entrance, intending to explain its mechanism to Mr. Morrell when I should leave.

"And now we come to that portion of the story, at which I can only guess. It is evident that Jerry told the truth, for once, when he claimed that his life was in peril. He was in desperate fear, if ever a man was, when I left him and Murray in our cellar after we had opened the cliff passage. Just what happened afterward I fancy no man will ever know. Whether Jerry discovered that his enemies had trailed him here, or whether he decided on the fiendish plan, which he put into execution, merely to insure his own life I don't know. I imagine, however, that the former theory is the more nearly correct. I am assuming that the enemies who threatened him were members of his own criminal gang, whom in some manner he had betrayed, perhaps by making off with their recent plunder when he saw that they were in danger of arrest."

"I think you are right," agreed Sheriff Johnson thoughtfully. "He was hanged then as a traitor by his own men! That would explain the brand of the green arrow. It was probahly a sign used by the organization."

"YOU forget that Jerry Reynolds escaped—that it was bis brother, Murray who met the fate intended for him," corrected Professor Wilkins. "I should say that you are right about the arrow mark, however. The two men were startlingly alike. Jerry took advantage of this fact to overpower his brother, change clothes with him, and add the finishing touch by glueing to the other's lip the false moustache with which he, himself, was disguised. It is apparent now that Murray Reynolds was found either on the creek hank or in the cave in the cliff by the members of his brother's gang, and taken down the creek in our motor boat until a convenient point for the execution was reached.

"Jerry returned to his brother's room, and probably slept peaceably through the night, evidently relying on the resemblance between the two to deceive us. He succeeded completely in my case. Had my niece not chanced to meet him in the cliff passage, and been startled by the sight of my leather case of plans in his possession, it is probable that he might have escaped entirely in his daring plan. It was she who first guessed the truth, and she acted at once from hlind instinct. Had he escaped with my case, be would have been master of a fortune. As it was——"

Sheriff Johnson shuddered. "He must have been blown to atoms down there in the cliff!"

"No question about it," the inventor, on which I have been lahoring for three years, proved a complete success, gentlemen! I think I can take you into my confidence sufficiently to explain that I have perfected an apparatus for igniting high explosives by a wireless current. Incidently I have constructed a portable wireless outfit, which I have been erecting on the roof of the garage at night. I have been obliged to maintain the utmost secrecy because I have been dogged constantly hy the agents of a certain powerful Powder Trust, determined to gain my plans, with or without my consent. For several days, Roger Antworth, the detective, whom you know as Rogers, the motorcycle salesman, has been acting as a sort of bodyguard for me until I should make my final test, which occurred tonight. My niece had planned to leave at once, in the event it should be a success, to carry my plans to Washing-

(*Continued on page 25*)

The next number (June) of the Movie Pictorial will contain the first installment of a new serial story.

A story in which the most modern motion picture factor weaves the destiny of two remarkable persons. Love—Mystery—Humor—Suspense—Adventure.

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I MAY, 1915 NUMBER 26

LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR
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"They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."
—Rudyard Kipling.

Motography and Melodrama

A pretentious and vastly varied melodrama of modern make, "LIFE," which has been entertaining large audiences at the Auditorium indicates that its producer, William A. Brady is keenly alive to the value of moving pictures and has wedded them most adroitly to the dramatic stage, making the drama convincingly complete instead of allowing mere threads of influence to bind up and perfect the fabric of this story.

The brilliant events listing hundreds of people in certain scenes, the driving on of a stage and four, the showing of rival crews of eight oared shells in action breasting the crested waves, the moving platforms of trains loaded with living spectators following the shoreward trail of the race, the swift flight of automobiles—were all sensational effects in stage craft carried out with a high degree of vital realism in this production.

Instead of dropping the curtain and allowing time to elapse after these massed movements in the old way, the lights were dim, a scene was lowered showing the seven ages passing over the bridge of time that caught in its vista of arch, all the interlinking episodes to advance the action, so that they became visualized facts through the medium of moving pictures, enlisting the actual actors of the drama. Appropriate music accompanied these motographic episodes so cleverly that the audience barely missed the speech of the actors, before the curtain raised again and the drama resumed its vital form.

Despite this new departure, praiseworthy in some respects and flattering in that the theatrical magnates have taken up an art they once effected to despise and deride, the supreme advantage that moving pictures have over the theatricalism of the stage, is in Nature's environment that no scenic artist or stage craftsman can transfer from the screen to the stage. Despite the witchery of lighting, the cunning of brush and charm of color, the stage cannot reflect the reality of atmosphere or that subtle spiritual quality that simulates the real nature quality in the beauty of the shadows that flit upon the screen—the very transcript of the face of Nature.

The eminent authority, Louis Reeves Harrison, in discussing "Stagy Settings," writes: "Nature in the scene painter's hands is a dreadful thing to contemplate. Her rolling hills, forest-crowned, her distant peaks of glittering snow, her stormy moods on wave-dashed shores, her laughter in sparkling waterfalls, her tender moments, with a note of the infinite in her sigh, what does the stage know of such compelling influences? Are all of her exhaustless treasures for the screen alone? Must the theater, as Eleanora Duse asserts, be destroyed in order that the dramatic art be revived? If this must come to pass, moving pictures may be the means to that much-desired end."

The registry of the two arts in this local instance in "LIFE" was so well timed and so accurate that illusion was continuously sustained. Undoubtedly the success of this innovation will be widely followed, so that moving pictures and the spoken drama will blend on the same stage in new, telling and picturesque significance. Now that this has been accomplished, it seems to have been a comparatively simple thing, but it awakens the prophecy for even greater things through the magic of motography. Scientific experiment in this direction has long been centering effort upon the synchronizing of sound with motion, which will undoubtedly be one of the ultimates in the evolution of the perfected moving picture which will additionally take stereoscopic value in its projection for three graces instead of one.

Materialize the Promise

The Strand Theater of New York which stands for big things in film showing, has made a summer stand in Chicago at Orchestra Hall, and promises to father a permancncy in the form of another million-dollar theater for an artistic alliance of moving pictures and music. This section of the midwest is growing in importance as a moving picture center and a spacious monumental structure with the significant standing that attaches to the Strand Theater of New York and London would be a welcome addition to the notable homes of amusement in Chicago.

The Jungle Dinner Fad

Lady MacKenzie, said to be "the coolest shot in the world," who recently returned from a big game hunting trip in East Africa to her home in New York, last week gave a jungle dinner to fifty friends at Delmonico's. Kathlyn Williams who inaugurated this fashion should have filed a caveat for its protection. Anyhow lady MacKenzie only had heads and hides to show her guests while the beauteous and intrepid Kathlyn had live lions, tigers and leopards at her Al Fresco feast in the Selig zoo in Los Angeles in addition to millionaires, artists and choice social selections in her guest list.

The Passing of John Bunny

The passing of John Bunny removes from the field of pictorial activity one of the most popular personages ever filmed. Long and arduous service in the theatrical stage did not add greatly to his reputation or material prosperity although it gratified his histrionic ambition; but when he entered the new world of filmdom, the chances changed in his favor and he at once became a vogue that was astonishing. Nature had fashioned his face for a living mask of Momus. He needed no aid of make-up or adventitious advertising, nor did he advance any personal peculiarity of action to make his characterizations telling, beyond the ken of the well schooled actor. His face was his fortune, his humorous personality was infectious, his popularity was universal, Vitagraphically speaking. Take him all in all, when shall we look upon his like again?

One Authority to Another

That moving pictures are attracting the interest of scientists as well as the leading lights of the stage and literature is more and more amply manifest as the seriousness and importance of the new art form attracts studied attention. A striking example of this, recently eventuated from the showing of David Griffith's visualization of Poe's romances under the caption of "The Avenging Conscience" at the Fine Arts Theater where it is the abiding attraction. Dr. Harold N. Moyer, noted as one of the most distinguished alienists in this country, witnessed the film and sent in a letter, which was certainly a remarkable tribute to the Griffith genius. The letter was as follows:

"'The Avenging Conscience,' something very interesting from the standpoint of the modern conception of dreams, which, according to later psychological doctrine, involves a wish fulfillment. The young love affair of the hero meets with the opposition of his uncle. It is obvious that if the uncle were removed the nephew, his natural heir, would inherit his wealth and if so all obstacles to the desired union would be removed. The fact, that the removal of the uncle involves a crime, is as unacceptable to the individual as it is contrary to his moral standards. It is just this kind of a situation that produces a dream that fulfills the wish. So far the conception is psychologically sound. The dream itself as worked out in the play has more elaboration and detail than one would expect to find in a real dream. There is also a symbolism that is lacking, but in its other elements such as dramatization the dream is essentially true, involving as it does the conflict of emotion so characteristic of the dream state. While this conception of this play is psychologically interesting, I was also delighted with the symmetry of the production, and the splendid manner in which it was acted. I need scarcely add that in my opinion the play also teaches a sound moral lesson and does so in an unobtrusive way."

The Singer Silent

Geraldine Farrar, the distinguished operatic soprano, who appears next season with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, next month will go to the Lasky studios at Hollywood, Cal., for eight weeks' service before the camera. Two months is a long time for a singing star to maintain silence; but there are other ways of registering!

A Vexed Question

The recent election in Chicago has attracted national attention and according to the wise ones indicates a wide spreading genius of change favoring Republicanism. For some time past Chicago has been a storm-center in the censorship question in discrediting the findings of the National Board, for local consumption. Now that the Illinois Legislature is inclined to rule out the largest city in the state—the fallow field of the moving picture business may attract undesirable attention, and lead to further vexations in the alarming growth of too much censorship. Less than a year ago producing interests viewed with seeming indifference the idiosyncrasies of censorship, but, now that the Supreme Court of of the United States has declared that the State has the right of censorship, they are experiencing an alarming state of mind on the perils of the new situation. It is to be hoped that Chicago can continue her control in this direction—disagreeable as its mandates occasionally are, they might be worse under State jurisdiction.

The Music Story

THE MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This Department was commenced in the October issue. It is for our readers, an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new practical ideas will appear in each issue of* MOVIE PICTORIAL.

TO RAISE the standard of music in motion picture theaters, to the point where the music is a harmonizing setting to every scene depicted and in perfect accord with the action portrayed, is the sole object of this department.

Believing that good work is the more easily recognized by being contrasted with what is acknowledged to be poor, it seemed to me that the quickest way to correct the extreme carelessness so common among picture accompanists, was to encourage criticism based upon just the ordinary common sense judgment of the picture fans themselves; so I asked every reader of this department to become a "music story detective" and send me the fruits of his labors. In each issue of the Movie Pictorial is printed the best letter received on the subject, and it is announced as the winner of the $5. The following four questions were given as a guide for the work. (For further particulars see February issue.)

How do you like the music in your favorite theater?

Does it jibe with the picture?

Is it too loud or not loud enough?

Does the musician interpret scenes according to the titles of pieces or in harmony with the musical idea?

These four pertinent questions have brought forth some great reports of proceedings in the music pit! They tell us "variety is the spice of life." If this be granted, surely the picture fans of the many theaters represented in these reports, cannot complain of monotony, for a finer variety of absurd combinations of music and picture, could hardly be offered.

"The evil men do, lives after them—the good is oft interred with their bones." We hope that in the great majority, these examples of poor judgment in adapting the music to the pictures, do not mark the standards of the abilities of the musicians concerned. We know that in all walks of life, much well directed effort, resulting in an exquisitely finished product, is frequently taken in as a matter of course, and no expression of appreciation or recognition of merit given the worker. However, no piece of work submitted, that is not up to par, escapes unnoticed. The motion picture accompanist who is generally conceded to be "very conscientious," "invariably good," "always alert," and who is declared to "fit things so pat," will find these ardent admirers complaining and quite unforgiving, the first time she misses her calculations and bungles a scene!

Her continued successful efforts in handling motion picture accompaniments, have raised the standard of her audience to the point where they no longer marvel at her skill, but expect a fine, intelligent musical setting to every picture she plays. The many especially effective little pieces of work she accomplishes are lost in the maze of so nearly perfect a whole, while the slip which bungles a scene enough to ever so slightly disturb, is noted and commented upon freely. It may have been the result of a moment's relaxation, an interruption by a thoughtless usher, or the maneuvers of an unruly youngster in the front row, or one of a hundred other things that are ever threatening the musician. So let us not be discouraged at the array of absurd examples submitted, and think this task of ours a hopeless one, but be charitable in our judgment of the situation and hope that a large majority of these are not everyday incidents, but are occasional offenses of earnest musicians who are interested enough in their work to never develop into hardened "Don't-give-a-care" type, which we hope to either convert or annihilate.

The Chief Complaint.

The most common complaint about musicians, I get through these letters, is really not against their inconsistencies in musical applications, but it is against the pernicious habit of faking, the prevalence of which, I must confess, is appalling! My observations have convinced me that the fakir, like the poor "you have with you always."

The most serious offenders in this line hold their heads erect and label their efforts "improvising," and it is pitifully disgusting to see managers of some of our classiest city theaters "fall" for it.

For the benefit of the unitiated, let me explain what it means to improvise, and then I want you to tell me how many people who can afford to sell their talent and time to picture theaters, are capable of improvising except to a very modest degree. To improvise is to compose extemporaneously. The player sits at the keyboard and produces what his mind conceives. That's all there is to it! Just think for a moment. Let's draw a literary parallel. You have received the average H. S. education, perhaps, have had associations with those who have had equal educational advantages, or better; you have talked English all your life—very creditably, you think. However, I'll wager you would fall in a faint if someone suggested that you give an impromptu speech before several hundred people, even though the subject was a pet of yours. You know the subject pretty well, but you beg for time to select your best ideas for presentation, and for time to arrange those ideas in a logical, convincing form, etc., etc., etc.

The demands on a picture accompanist are enormous as compared with this. The picture shown may demand snatches of many types of music, varying from grave to gay, serious to frivolous or weird, even to music with national characteristics—and here the ordinary musician, with the average musical education, confidently steps up and claims to be equal to all this in improvising! It's a clear case of "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." The bulk of the improvising thrust upon defenseless picture audiences of today is a grand hash of confused, ill connected memorized bits of this and that, and a thoroughly jumbled mass of weak, deformed musical thoughts, hastily assembled and carelessly thrown at you. Mark me, it is not the cultured musician who boasts of his ability to improvise extensively—whole programs, for instance. I should assume that one who claimed to be able to do this, probably couldn't interpret creditably, very simple music, of more than a half dozen types. Truly "A little knowledge IS a dangerous thing."

$5 Prize Letter.

Dear Music Editor:

I heard the great feature film, "Cabiria," played by a faker. At the end of the second reel, I remarked about his exceptional ability. After the sixth, I was weary, and before the tenth, I was thoroughly miserable! Later I heard this film accompanied from notes. The tumultuous agitatos on the fire scenes, Oriental Chants on the religious ceremonies—in fact, all details were worked out so perfectly satisfactorily, that the picture impressed me as truly wonderful and I longed to see it through again. Eighty-three intelligent musical numbers woven into this artistic whole, put the faker quite to shame.

MRS. G. W. B.

The above letter has been selected from the many received, as the one deserving the award.

And that brings me to the point I want to emphasize. The object that you and I are endeavoring to accomplish through this medium is a more widespread understanding of and application of *harmony* in the musical interpretation of the picture being portrayed.

To work toward the accomplishment of this object, our efforts must be along *constructive* lines —must be in the nature of *criticising* what is heard in moving picture theaters—discovering and relating errors and abuses and *suggesting corrections* therefor.

In the February issue, in which this plan was set forth, an example of the nature of letters desired was given and I am repeating it herewith as indicating the line to follow that will assist us best in our work toward our goal.

Dear Music Editor:

I recently viewed "The Fisher Girl," in which there is a scene of great intensity. We see a broad sweep of stormy ocean and an old man has fallen from a boat and is struggling in the water. The heroine sets out in a small boat to rescue him. She battles bravely against the storm. The pianist played "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main." It was a shock to one's nerves. The music should have been "——————," or something similar, to carry out the tragic idea.

Questions and Answers.

The questions received this month, have touched on many important points in motion picture accompanying. May we have more next month? If you do not agree with me on the answers to these questions, or if you have ideas on these subjects, which I have failed to touch upon, let me receive them for publication in next issue. This exchange of ideas, is something I wish to encourage.

Q. Should all love scenes be treated the same or should there be a distinction made between those of old-time classic sort of pictures, where the characters are of the nobility; those of the modern American society drama; those dramas, in which the wealthy city man falls in love with the plain country girl, who lives near his hunting lodge in the mountains; etc., etc.?

A. Indeed they should not be treated the same. Here is a fine opportunity for the musician to exhibit some skill in adapting. I am glad to have someone suggest some sort of classification for love scenes. While it is not at all exhaustive, it is a start in the right direction, and gives food for thought. I'm sure it will be an inspiration to much individual development along the line of working up the love scenes. They are so frequently dealt with, in a careless "any-old-love-song-will-do" sort of fashion, that the convincing charm of the admirable acting of the most sincere, conscientious performers, is lost upon the audience. It is but one step, you know, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when we stop to think a moment, we realize that in every story, the destiny of the characters is directed through the influence of love; and we wonder why we haven't wakened to the importance of the handling of these love scenes, long ago. It isn't hard to see the inconsistency of applying the average modern popular ballad to the old-time picture of the first class mentioned. Better some fine old song like "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"—from Samson and Delilah, or the famous "Love Song" from Faust. These blend with the splendor and dignity of court life, and seem altogether fitting.

Let's not wear these numbers threadbare on this type of love scenes, but gather others to use in conjunction with these, that we may give our audiences the opportunity of hearing many old favorites, and at the same time avoid making the grave mistake of associating one tune with a certain type of scene. No matter how perfectly one tune may fit the whole collection of love scenes of this type, its continued use brings people to the point where they expect it on every occasion and its application is positively funny.

Modern American society dramas draw from wealth of popular ballads, which, for convenience, we might divide into mill stream songs, rowing and drifting songs, garden songs, dream songs, shadow songs, moon songs, etc.

The third class, that of the wealthy city man and the plain country girl, offer opportunity for the use of such songs as "I'm Not Ashamed of You, Mollie," "Happy, Happy, Happy Little Country Girl," etc.

Then we have the many rag songs left for the comedy love scenes.

Film Favorites' Fashions

This dress which I wore in the Edison Production "On the Stroke of Twelve" is of pink satin, made empire effect, with fold coming up over bust of silk shadow lace, gathered simply around the neck, lace falling over the arms, as sleeves.

Back has the cape effect, caught with a pansy in the center and a wreath of pansies around the waist.

I think the more simply you dress for pictures the better it is and the more attractive.

This dress is copied from a French model.

Gertrude McCoy.

I am particularly fond of this Spring suit of gray check material.

The jacket has a plain, loose front with square patch pockets and gray bone buttons. The back of the jacket is gathered in at the waist line by a belt about four inches in width, which gives it a slightly fitted appearance.

The full, circular skirt also has a wide belt which buttons down the side of the skirt.

This is a strictly tailored suit, appropriate for business or street wear.

The hat is of brown chiffon with tiny pink rosebuds. The neckpiece is of white fox.

Edna Mayo

With this issue, we are "treated" to a "close-up" of a very charming gown worn by Miss Gertrude McCoy, in the three-reel production "On the Stroke of Twelve" produced by the Edison Company. And one cannot help but appreciate the touch of sympathetic purpose in her words: "I think the more simply you dress for pictures, the better it is . . ." Today the most-pleasing and entertaining pictures are those "that come within our ken"—that are not so overdrawn and outside the pale of our environment, that we cannot view them as what might happen within our own surroundings. The closer they bear in the action and settings to our own life's circle, the more we can "live" them ourselves as they flash over the screen. And is not the wearing apparel of the players just as important in this purpose as the action and settings? Indeed it is. Let us hope this idea so potent in realistic pictures may spread!

Miss Edna Mayo, of Essenay, has taken us right into the fold—into her most personal Sanctum—in displaying for us this suit. It is not only a stage garment—it is one that forms a cherished part of this little lady's personal wardrobe. She tells us she is very fond of it. But it will flash at you from the screen. Again, simplicity and naturalness are the model of this garment and this makes us feel "we are one" with this photo-play "star."

We believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you. Do not ask for this concerning old films—films that have been produced some time back—for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been discarded long ago.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, *enclose with it a stamped return envelope*, and mail it to THE FASHION EDITOR.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of $5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

ANY big industry catering to the popular demands is benefited by the open, frank opinions of its followers. And no propaganda can be helped more in this manner, than Motion Pictures. Earnest criticism is invaluable to those organizations who, with a commanding unity of effort, gather from many sources, inspirations and ideals and develop them into vehicles of diversified entertainment for millions of people. This is the keynote of this page—a page dependent upon you, our readers, for its accomplishment. As has been said before, this department desires and encourages expression from the film organizations at any time, all to the end for realism in the movies.

We herewith publish a letter received from Mr. J. Oliver Tucker anent a part of Mrs. J. A. Hogan's criticism printed in the March issue. We will all be interested and furthermore feel a flash of gratification in the fact that the efforts of the contributors to this page, all directed to a single goal, have been noticed.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Realism Editor,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:

I desire to correct the error into which Mrs. J. A. Hogan has innocently fallen regarding Tillie's Punctured Romance, as evidenced by her criticism in the March issue. She questions the realism of the film because it appears that the guide telephones the news of the death of Mr. Banks across the sea from the "Alps" to America. Tillie's Uncle was not climbing the Alps but he was climbing some mountains in San Bernardino Co., Cal., fifty miles from Los Angeles. This is clearly shown by the newspaper clipping thrown on the screen announcing his death on Mt. Baldy, which is geographically known as Mt. San Antonio.

The telephone used was not peculiar to foreign countries but is common to America.

Yours truly,
J. Oliver Tucker.

Winner of the $5.00 Prize.

Atlanta, Ga.

In "The Girl on the Trestle," a Kalem recently released, the young girl operator, after the trestle has been partly blown and partly burned away, crosses on the suspended rails, to which are attached a few scattered cross ties, while the fire still rages beneath her. She wears a white blouse, and not only does she swing from the suspended rails by her hands, when it would appear that, from the time the fire has been burning, the rails should be almost red hot, but when she finally reaches the other bank she not only presses her hands to her face, without leaving the smallest mark upon her fair cheeks, but her blouse is still spotless. Again, why let the three miners follow her, running across the ravine, guarded by the trestle, and arrive on the other side almost as she did? It would appear that she had been foolish to have crossed the trestle, when she could have gone around.

The first part of the picture is well done, it is a railroad story that a railroad man can enjoy, free of explosives, left at the way station by the local freight, is not only handled by what is apparently a real train crew, but the car comes up to the U. S. Government regulations on the handling of Explosives. The telegraph work is also good; in fact, with the exception of the hot rails being handled bare handed, the entire action is good.

Yours truly,
J. P. Power.

A Well Aimed Criticism.

New Orleans, La.

In a recent release called "In the Jury Room" either Indiano or Thanhouser there are two or three glaring errors. The story tells of a young married man, whose wife had been restored to health by a certain doctor at a great sacrifice on the physician's part, his own wife dying while he attended the patient. This same young man had formerly been employed in a factory and discharged by the manager who was very cruel to his employes. As the story runs on we learn that the manager and the doctor have had a quarrel and the manager is shot by a burglar while the doctor had left the room for a few minutes.

The doctor is arrested and tried for murder. In this time we see that the young married man reads of the murder in the morning paper and just as he has shown the article to his wife he receives a jury notice. Afterwards he is selected as a juryman and while in the jury room stands out as one against eleven and tells his story of his personal experience with both the dead man and the doctor. As a result the jury declares the man "Not Guilty."

The defects are these: In the first place, who ever heard of a man being tried within a week after the crime, in the United States? Even if the notice received had been for appearance before the jury commissioners and the usual delay of a month or two before actual jury service, in no case of records were broken for speedy trials in that state, did you tell me that "second-story" a person as well acquainted with both the accused and the murdered man would be accepted by either the state or the defense as a suitable person to try the case? Hardly.

I have never seen a picture with such a far-fetched plot and it really has no excuse for being produced. The acting was splendid but there could be nothing to offset the errors in the plot.

O. J. Dunn.

A Back Room in a House Built on a Hill?

Atlanta, Ga.

"What Happened to Jones" is the name of a Vitagraph comedy-drama, but the funniest thing about it to me is how the second floor of a house got to be so close to the ground. Jones, to escape the cops, dons clothes intended for the expected new bishop and poses as him in a girls' seminary. When the real bishop arrives, fearful complications, *Jones leads him up the stairs* to his room and later locks the door. After a while, the bishop finding the door locked, goes to the window, raises it, and walks out, that "second-story" window being not more than four feet from the ground, and the story was no where in sight. Wonder what became of it?

A. R. Spielberger.

What Kind of Water Do They Use?

Birmingham, Ala.

In the 10th episode, Exploits of Elaine, detective Craig Kennedy enters a deep pit, which is partly filled with water (no doubt from the hose that had been placed by Dan the Duke. During the course of the picture Kennedy is water up to his shoulders and then comes out at the top with his clothes perfectly dry and showing no signs whatever of having been in the water.

G. R. Watkins.

Three in One Episode.

New Orleans, La.

Last night I witnessed the Zudora episode (Thanhouser) in which Zudora was a prisoner on an island. She was given a *long narrow book* in which to write a note. (The book resembled an account book which always contained ruled pages.) She turned the book sideways and wrote almost half of one page. The "hag" took book into next room where Mme. Du Val picked to the page referred to and (perhaps it was a loose page). Audience was then shown new island. She was written across the *width* of a single sheet of *unruled* foolscap paper.

In the same episode, Storm, Hunt and Baird rescue Zudora by means of a skiff. All were dressed in business suits. Hunt and Baird get into a launch leaving Storm to row Zudora to shore. When they reach same Storm has made a complete change and was wearing a "Prince Albert" coat.

Again, Radcliffe, on board a steamer, put the diamonds into a rubber hot water bag and inflated it. He was too slow in screwing on cap as the air had escaped and the bag was *flat* when he slipped it beneath his coat. He went up on deck, threw bag overboard to be picked up by friends. During short time bag was in water I noticed it was *full of air* which kept it afloat.

Observant.

A Sharp Point.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Speaking of realism, the pictures far be it for me to add one word of criticism to that produced by "Intolerance" by D. W. Griffith, "The Clansman," but, did they wear hatpins in those days?

Lillian Gish certainly wore one in this play in two different hats (and a white one at that). This is a very small detail I know, but very plain to me, as I am always looking for "Realism" in so far as I understand pictures and the age they are supposed to represent.

N. S. E.

An Uninvited Worker-Guest.

Dallas, Texas.

In witnessing "The Disillusionment of Jane," a Broncho production at the Crystal Theater today, my attention was attracted to an unusual scene. The scene was a dining room in the "Higgins Home," supposed, of course, to be at night. In the course of love-making between Norton and Jane, which took place in the barnyard, a chicken was seen leisurely scratching and picking up whatever it saw fit to eat.

Anyone who knows anything about the subject will agree that at this time of the night, fowls are always roosting in position on the roost perch. This scene would doubtless have been more real with the omission of the busy hen.

J. B. R.

A Lightning Change Artist.

New Orleans, La.

With a determination to shake off the annoyance of business I spent the evening among "Movies." It was my good fortune on this occasion to witness a good "thrill" all the way through. One of the productions was a Kalem drama in two acts entitled "The Unmarried Husband." The hero of this play was a very precise young man, occupying a position as clerk in the office of a money-loving and crafty old lawyer.

The young man was noted for his punctuality, to such an extent that clocks-people quite often came from his lodgings to his office, never failed to set their timepieces by him as he passed a certain corner. The time at which he would reach this corner was always ten minutes eight. And knowing the group of trades-people thereon, bowed as he proceeded on his way to the office, invariably arriving there as the clock pointed to the hour of eight, ten minutes being consumed in walking the distance between the above mentioned corner and the office. This was his rule for fourteen years without missing a day.

In keeping with his correctness as to time, he was correct in his attire, wearing clothes that denoted a character professional—tall hat, long black coat and trousers, gloves, etc., and the like.

The inevitable happened with the young man—he had a "love affair," and after these fourteen years of timing his departure from home so accurately as to pass a given point at a certain time, he gave way to his feelings, and in the embrace of his wife one morning forgot, for 10 minutes, the outside world. The group who gathered daily to regulate their watches commenced without "The Young Man" finally came along, 10 minutes behind his usual time. He was attired in his accustomed garb—tall hat, long black coat and trousers, tie, gloves, etc., and carrying along to his office, reached there 10 minutes behind the hour usual, but for never a reason or other as he entered the door he was dressed, as any ordinary young man, in a bowler hat, spring overcoat, soft felt hat and minus gloves. Possibly he was a lightning change artist.

Thomas J. Tully, Jr.

A Privileged Character.

Bellingham, Wash.

In the two reel Kalem feature, "In the Hands of the Jury," the villain was indeed a privileged character. It was the old story in which the hero finds the dead body and is accused of the murder. The man had evidently died of accidental poisoning in the presence of the villain who robbed the corpse and hiked. The villain was summoned to appear on the jury. In the trial scene Mr. Villain was called from the jury to the witness stand, where he seemed to testify against the hero, and then he marched serenely back to the jury seat where he was the only one to stand for the conviction. The jury would have had a long session had not the heroine discovered the guilty man's hat in the home of the dead man. It was not clear how he knew whose hat it was, but anyway every thing turned out all right. Since when have witnesses at a trial been allowed to sit in the jury, or vice versa?

If stenographers, office girls, and lady bookkeepers must wear curls why not pin them up on the head where they belong instead of letting them hang about the shoulders. Business women in real life are supposed to look the part.

In another Kalem reel, "The Open Draw-Bridge" the plot was based upon the struggle to open the draw-bridge so that a train which was to take a criminal to prison, would have to stop at the bridge and would aid him to escape. Since a train must always stop at a draw-bridge whether it is open or not, the whole plot was very unreal.

G. L. S.

It Was Too Easy.

Syracuse, N. Y.

It seems to me that the masks used in "The Million Dollar Mystery" should cover the features entirely. As they are, a person knowing one or more of the men could recognize them at a distance. I believe that in reality all such secret orders have the masks cover the head below the ears.

Agnes Miller.

Did They Forget?

Farwell, Texas.

I saw a mistake in the 4th reel episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery." In the preceding episodes, Florence's companion, who with the aid of Susan Farlow, but when Susan becomes suddenly ill Dr. Martin announces it as Miss Ware. Now, I wonder why that was?

Walter McDonald.

A String of Them!

Kellogg, Iowa.

In the Indian wars re-fought by the United States soldiers, one scene shows a company of soldiers in a wagon search; with them were a half a dozen or more dogs. Do you call this 1857 or 1915?

Another scene shows Indians surrounding wagon camp. Men prepare to defend it. Horses are tied in pairs behind wagons; men fight behind and in front of horses; Indians massacred all except two women, yet there wasn't a horse killed. Does this look like realism?

Later, Indians set fire to wagons, when the soldiers come. It shows wagons with their covers gone, the wagons good as ever. I remarked to a friend of mine, "I thought the wagons were burned." She replied with a laugh, "I guess they called out the fire department."

Now for a second time, in the tenth episode of "The Perils of Pauline," Pauline is thrown into an old deserted house; there is a telephone in the room in which she is imprisoned; she starts to telephone for help but is pushed away by the villain who tears the telephone from its wires, throwing it upon the floor. Later Pauline gets the phone in an old chair and phones to Harry. It must have been a new invention that could be used as a wireless telephone. What was the telephone doing in the house, because the telephone company always disconnects or takes out the telephone after the tenant moves out?

Glenn Pollard.

Some Little Oversights!

Belleville, Ont.

In "For His Father's Sake" (Kalem), the son starts for the drug store on a grey horse that is saddled. In the next scene, he is on a bay, unsaddled horse, at an Indian camp. In the scene following, he is back on the saddled, grey horse again.

In "The Lady of the Island" (Imp), the dog is supposed to swim to the island with a note for help. Then it shows a close-up of the dog swimming, with a stick in its mouth!

In (Biograph) "As It Might Have Been," the father goes to the station after his runaway daughter, wearing a white shirt. When he returns, his shirt is dark in color.

Howard Black.

A Dressed-Up Fight!

Ancent Realism, why do you suppose it was so important that Jim Norton (Million Dollar Mystery) should keep his hat on during a life-and-death struggle? Jim deliberately broke his hold on his quarry for the very evident purpose of adjusting his hat, which was about to fall off. See the struggle of Jones and Norton with two of the Black Hundred, which took place near the picture of Hargreave's, in Florence's room. If this is not a contribution in the interest of Realism, it is certainly "a hoss on Jim!"

C. B. Watson.

BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

(*Continued from page 7*)

The possibility of falling in love was something that the cinematographer had never thought of in connection with himself. In his travels through the world he had been thrown into the company of women of every station of life from servants to kings' daughters, but they had been no more to him than so many men, unless it were that they had to be more carefully treated.

But from the moment he had looked on the lithe Spanish form of Dolores Magon, and drunk deep of the dusky eyes and taken the soft, warm hand in his, his heart had gone entirely out of his own keeping.

Yet he was glad!

Love had come to him like it always comes to those who love for the first time at his age. His was a nature full of passion lying dormant, and awaiting only the touch of a woman's hand to start the flame. Love had come to him blinding him with the depth of its feeling for this cultured, refined Spanish girl, who had given up everything to join the army of freedom.

Denman was always welcome at their tent. With the boy he was as an older brother. But with the girl ——he could almost read the answer in the dusky depths of the black eyes, yet not quite. But his heart was glad. He was in love and whether his love were returned or not did not matter for the present so long as he was allowed to worship continually at his heart's shrine. Since that day on the steps of the coach attached to the troop train, Denman had begun to live life anew and to enjoy it in fuller measure. On this short acquaintance Captain Matero was his fast friend. Every inch a gentleman the captain was the kind of friend that he cared to have. And he was the one on whom Dolores and Francisco Magon depended to a certain extent.

From Captain Matero the cinematographer had learned the tragic story of Dolores' father.

"Francisco Magon, Sr., was a great land owner," the captain had told him as they sat one evening in the cameraman's tent. "He conceived the idea of dividing the land up among the peons and allowing them to pay for it by work on the main rancho. Word of this reached Mexico City and the government at once ordered him to stop giving land titles to the peons. Magon answered that the root of trouble in Mexico for ages had been that the working class was not allowed to own property, and that as long as the land was his own he proposed to do with it as he wished. When this reply was received at the capital his arrest was ordered and soldiers came to the rancho and started with him to Mexico City. When they arrived they reported that the prisoner had tried to escape and had been shot."

Captain Matero paused a moment in his recital. "The 'ley fuga' disposes of many difficult cases for the government." Denman had heard before of the law that was applied to "fugitives" and needed no further explanation.

"Francisco and Dolores were at the time attending one of the universities on the Pacific coast," continued Matero. "On hearing of their father's death they returned at once to Mexico, and Francisco as heir to the estate was told to cancel the peons' contracts. This he refused to do and was ordered with his sister out of the country. The lands were confiscated and the peons were drafted into the army."

Denman was gaining new insight into the cause of the continual revolts of the republic. During his days with the army he had talked with many of the soldiers who were far from being bandits or illiterate peons. There were those who had given entire fortunes to the rebel cause and who were serving in the ranks as privates or petty officers. Their knowledge of war tactics was not such as to permit them to rank as officers and they were offering up their lives in the ranks, side by side with their former employees.

Denman left his tent and walked some distance down the railroad track to where the young aviator and his sister were living in another tent near the aeroplane.

Dolores was sitting in front of the tent, preparing bandages for the wounded as Denman came up. Always she was working for the good of the army. When the wounded were brought in she was at the poorly equipped hospital tents, relieving their suffering by her deft, tender touches as she bound up the ragged wounds. In camp she ever had a pleasant word for the men who were working night and day repairing gun carriages, making caissons and repairing the railroad. She was very pretty in spite of the rough clothes she was compelled to wear and her face was flushed with excitement as he came up. "See," she cried holding up the bandages. "These will soon be needed, for we attack tomorrow."

Denman was unaware of this.

"I thought we were waiting for reinforcements from the north," he said as he seated himself on the ground beside her.

She laid aside the finished bandage and began on another.

"Captain Matero was just here and he said that the trains would arrive at once and would be run on south before unloading."

Denman glanced back toward the town and saw that temporary tracks laid in the yards at Yermo were lined with trains filling rapidly with soldiers. Before he could reply the brother came up. He was dressed in one of the new uniforms just received and was proud of his title of lieutenant.

"We are going to leave," he said, his voice vibrant with suppressed excitement, as he took Denman's outstretched hand. "I am going to load the plane back on the car and go south with the troops."

Dolores laid aside an unfinished bandage and her face blanched.

"Francisco, you—you are not going to fly so soon?" she placed her hand affectionately on his arm.

"Tomorrow, perhaps." He endeavored not to notice the terror in her voice, now that the time had come for actual accomplishment.

Denman broke in to relieve the tension. "You must be very careful," he cautioned. "Perhaps, after all, the plane may not be necessary." He spoke reassuringly.

Captain Matero came down the track and called to the boy. "Here come the men to carry the machine to the car."

"You must be very careful," Denman said again, taking the boy's hand, and with a glance toward Dolores that the other could not fail to understand.

"There is no danger. Perhaps I will not be required to fly." But Denman saw that Dolores knew that the words were merely for her benefit, and saw the tears glisten in her eyes as she kissed him.

He called back. "I will keep as high as possible until I see the camera and then I will dip down to let you take my picture."

Dolores had begun to pack to prepare to go south with the first trains. She gave Denman her hand.

"You, too, must be careful," she said. "You must not take too many risks even to secure good pictures." A depth of feeling sprang into her voice, and Denman knew that she cared.

"Dolores!" He had used her name for the first time and an avowal of love was on his lips, but he restrained himself. If he had been mistaken—his acquaintance with her was too short to presume that she loved him. Possibly her emotion was only because of her brother. Yet he took the other hand and looked deep into the depths of the dusky eyes, tempted to stake all in the look that he read there. "Do not worry about me, Dolores," he said, softly. "You should remain here until the battle is decided."

But she shook her head and her eyes were unable to meet his.

"I must go with the army. The wounded—we are too few as it is. And the wounded must not be allowed to suffer because of no one to attend them."

Denman stooped and pressed the soft fingers to his lips. Then he hurried back up the track. Whatever the outcome of the battle he knew that Dolores loved him. If the rebels were successful the way would be open to Mexico City and her presence with the army would be no longer required. Then he would tell her—and hear her answer.

He met Claybourne as he neared the station. The correspondent was just in from the south, having gone out with the first advance. "All the troop trains are being rushed to the lines outside of Bermejillo," he said, taking the cinematographer by the arm and piloting him through the crowds of soldiers. "The federals are strongly entrenched there and are receiving reinforcements from San Pedro, Coahuila."

Denman whistled. "We must be in for a big battle."

"Villa tells me that he will have eighteen thousand men ready for the attack at daybreak," Claybourne answered. "And I'll tell you, Denman, that there is going to be a heavy engagement. A train load of ammunition has gone forward and there seems to be plenty more ready to send."

Denman waited to hear no more, but with a final word to the correspondent to secure him a place on the next train leaving, hurried away to get his tent and camera. On the way back to the station he saw a train pull out and attached to the rear was the car with the aeroplane aboard. The officers' train pulled up and Villa and his aides entered. Claybourne gave him a hand with the camera to the top of the cars containing the horses. As the train left Denman noticed that several trains had preceded them and when they came finally to a straight stretch of track he counted an even twelve. Behind were as many more and all had not yet arrived from the north. Claybourne came walking over the tops of the cars and seated himself at Denman's side.

"This is going to be the biggest battle that has occurred in Mexico in the last fifty years," he said. "Villa claims that he is going to lead the attack in person, and he has plenty of troops to back him up, if they will fight."

Denman gave a little laugh. "I heard you say once that Mexicans fought only with machine guns and cannon."

Claybourne turned to Denman with an amused smile. "I've changed my opinion since then, I guess," he admitted. "I was used to the frenzied hatred that inspired the opposing forces in the Balkans. I could not see that the men had not been taught to fight."

The cinematographer paused to light a cigarette, finding it rather a difficult matter on account of the swaying of the car, and the steady wind blowing.

"You heard me speak of Magon and his sister," he went on, settling back in his former position. "They gave up their property, just as their father gave up his life. They believe the cause right, and that they will eventually triumph."

Claybourne rose to his feet and swept the country ahead with his glasses. "Look there! Denman," he exclaimed, pointing to where the trains were unloading.

The other got up and focused his binoculars on the scene. Numbers of side-tracks had been constructed and the trains were running on these and were pouring forth their lines of men. Presently their own train came to a stop and Denman, leaving the Englishman, went off some distance and set up the camera. Men were now unloading provisions and taking cannon and machine guns from the cars. Horses were brought up and the guns were hauled farther up the valley.

Caissons piled high with ammunition followed. A water train had come up and the men were busy filling their canteens. Everywhere men were rushing back and forth, some hunting their comrades, others securing full belts of ammunition. Fires were being built and preparations for the cooking begun. A detachment of cavalry responded to the "mount" of the bugle and dashed madly in the direction of Bermejillo. Denman stopped the camera and began looking for a place to pitch his shelter tent, for the nights were very cold. Up the valley, back of the lines of cannon drawn up, he saw the aeroplane being tried out, but the boy was merely testing it, for he seldom rose from the ground and then only to turn the plane.

(To be concluded)

The Secret of Paint Creek

(*Continued from page 19*)

ton. Three days more, and the news could have been given to the world. That is why, Mr. Peyton, I endeavored to protect myself against any information you might have gathered. From what I deduce, however, my niece could not consider the idea of holding you prisoner! If you care to take legal steps against me now——"

Clem held up a protesting hand as he felt the girl glance toward him with a sudden dismay.

"I will be entirely satisfied if you will give The Bugle the first exclusive story of your invention!"

"Agreed! And now, gentlemen, is there anything further?"

"What I would like to know," said Sheriff Johnson, "is what has become of the other members of the Reynolds gang? And where is their loot? I am afraid those are questions we won't have answered very soon!"

"And what I would like to know," said Clem, "is whether The Bugle made its great scoop today?"

"It sure did, old man!" said Bob McKee heartily. "The Bugle is made, my boy! I am going to wire for a price on a new linotype machine tomorrow! I forgot to tell you that the sheriff insists that the reward for Jerry Reynolds belongs to you and Miss Morrison!"

Clem rose to his feet a trifle unsteadily, and made his way over to Faith Morrison's chair. He remained so long that the others in the hall glanced back impatiently.

"By the way, will you be home tomorrow?" he asked, as he shook her hand for the third time, apparently reluctant to let it go.

"You might come out and see," she answered.

In the hall Ed Hope tapped him chidingly on the shoulder. "What about Dell Murray, young man?"

"Why, I had entirely forgotten her! I think I will let Bob explain the rest of the story to her!"

"I always was the goat!" growled Bob.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

On April 12th at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, Thomas H. Ince presented "The Sign of the Rose" with George Beban for the first time. A novelty was introduced by fading out the picture at a certain time and turning on the lights upon a stage set when the last stages of the absorbing drama were actually acted by Beban and his company. The picture met with complete approval at the hands of the large audience and is an assured success and pictureized scenes have been made of the last portion of the photoplay so that it can be presented at any theater. Appropriate music accompanied the progress of the play. George Beban is as convincing on the screen as he is on the stage and little Blanche Schwed and the equally small Thelma Salter, Jack Nelson, Harward Ginn, Andrea Lynne and Jack Davidson were all excellent. This is a photoplay much above the average and I recommend it most highly. Ince has turned out a noteworthy production.

The news that Carlyle Blackwell has signed up with the Lasky forces came as a surprise. He has a long contract at a very high stipend and the deal is another proof of the enterprise of this firm of manufacturers who are gradually corralling so many genuine stars. In the meantime the pictures Blackwell made under the direction of that fine director William D. Taylor are showing all over the country so this young man will be fattening his bank roll all the time. By the way, Taylor has received several most flattering offers but has not decided as this is written. Any picture maker who is fortunate to secure this sterling director will have a big asset.

The Photoplayers Club decided to disband but it is understood that they will reorganize on a different basis. For the present they will hold dinners every two weeks at different restaurants. The club quit solvent.

Helen Holmes of the Kalem Company and the heroine of the "Hazards of Helen" series is entertaining some artists from Chicago in her pretty bungalow in Hollywood. One of them is a very famous painter to whom Helen used to sit at one time for she was a famous model when in the windy city.

Vivian Rich is the greatest girl for winning competitions held in schools and in small towns all over the country. Last year not a month went by that she did not receive word that she was first in some competitive affair or other. In this way she has received many nice gifts and there is no doubt of her popularity among the masses.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are making another serial, "The Broken Coin." I read the story and it is certainly a corker and should make several kinds of sensations. Grace went to San Francisco and she may be a mighty good actress but she is a terribly poor sailor, one of the "throw me overboard and end my misery" kind. Ford enjoys the sea.

Charles Ray has signed up for another year with the Ince combine. This is good news for Charlie is more or less identified with Ince who thinks a whole lot of him and the feeling is reciprocated. Charlie Ray is one of the best known figures on the screen and his work is always interesting.

Henry Otto has been entertaining two exhibitors from the effete east at his home in Santa Barbara and they have had the time of their lives. They have been particularly keen watching the pictures made by Otto and say that his releases always draw the crowds to their theaters.

Edna Malson has Albert Hale to direct her feature stories now. Edna is now the oldest actress, in point of service, that the Universal have on their pay roll and she is highly regarded by her employers as she is by the general public. She has an awfully pretty dressing room.

Anna Little showed her mettle last week by riding through actual flames on a burning bridge. She did not come to any harm but a young actor riding with her was quite badly singed. The scene was one in the "Black Box" serial in which Anna takes the female lead.

Pretty Louise Glaum is taking a line of tragic and emotional roles now, and is showing them "how" at Santa Monica. Louise is another artist who has been signed for a long time. She still continues to wear the most fetching little hats and things. Sweet Pauline Bush is again twisting her hair into a tight knot and making herself look as plain as possible for another "slavey" picture. This is the result of making such a success of the first one for the exhibitors have demanded more.

I called on Tom Mix at his Glendale studios the other day and find him the same whole-souled fellow he was when he was bronco busting. His head is level and he is doing great work for the Selig company and doing it in an easy unostentatious way. With him are some of his old-time cowboys, the genuine article, mind you. Mix lives near the studio in a pretty bungalow where he and the other old-timers still sit around o'nights and discuss the days gone by.

Adele Lane, who was with Selig's for so long, has joined the Universal and will appear with Burton King in feature dramas. Miss Lane was injured by wild animals in a picture some time ago and has been taking a long rest. Her reappearance will be welcomed.

Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley have returned to the Universal fold and the lady has been busy on her first script. They were with the big "U" before they went to the Bosworth concern and made a fine record there too. "Hypocrites" which was written by Lois Weber and produced by her is having a remarkable run at Quinn's Superba Theater here and it has raised much controversy owing to the appearance of the figure of Truth in the nude. As a matter of fact there is nothing to which the most fastidious could object and the splendid acting of that polished actor, Courtenay Foote, of lovely Myrtle Stedman and rare old Herbert Standing make it a film to be remembered for a long time.

Henry Walthall *has* returned to the Reliance studios despite all that is said to the contrary.

The Balboa company threaten proceedings for breach of contract, but it does not seem to be worrying Henry very much. I know nothing of the rights or wrongs of the affair, but the affiliation of Walthall and Griffith seems to be a very desirable and natural one.

Work has already started on the new studios for the New York Motion Picture Corporations studios at Hollywood, and in some two months' time from the date of the commencement of the work over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of work will have been done and several of the companies now working at Santa Monica will be in the heart of photoplaydom. Charles Ray says he will make quite a saving in gasoline and most of the artists will be glad of the change for it is a long, long way to Santa Monica, especially when the mornings are gray.

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The "Avenging Conscience" reminds us that it is good most men's minds are not projecting machines.

Colonial days were not sans films,
The ballroom floor was screen sufficient—
Their movie thrills were unwound in
The Old Virginia Reel, proficient.

Be still, oh girlish hearts, be still,
Though on this question you have tarried—
Enjoy the hero on the screen,
But do not ask if he is married.

His trusting wife may be at home,
Where heroiets are lisping "daddy,"
His romance feeds and clothes them all—
So should he worry—now—
Why had he?

This hero-life is just his trade—
His really, truly paid profession—
Accept him as you view him—but
Urge not a marital confession!

Strange that none of the "foot-ease" people ever solicited Charles Chaplin for a testimonial—
Or the shoe people—
Or the hair grower manufacturer!

Instead of having cigars named after them, the Movie Favorites prefer companies of their own! And both may go up in ————!

Fragment of a scenario unearthed at Stratford-on-Avon:

Scene 36—Same as 27: Portia discovered powdering wig. Business of looking vexed.

Scene 37—Same as 19: Enter Shylock, disgruntled. Business of counting ducats. Sees note slipped beneath door—grasps it—reads:

(Insert): Dear Shy: I have found the joker in the deck. It's up my sleeve. Ha, ha! P————

Return to scene: Shylock paces floor nervously, not overlooking ducats, however. Business of tearing hair.

Sub-title: "Alas, these days of suffragists! They'll ask for the ballots next!"

Scene 38—Same as 36: Portia finishes powdering nose, puts marshmallows in bag, rings for taxi——

Here the manuscript is blurred!

Could "our myriad-minded Shakespeare" have seen it coming?

Safety First!

First Lion to Second Lion in Roman arena: "Beat it, kid, here comes Kathlyn!"

Incidents the Pathe fails to register:

Man drawing a royal flush on the level.

Woman admitting her age.

Dog sharing a bone with a cat.

Cat sharing a fish with a dog.

Cat helping a canary build a nest.

Kaiser Wilhelm kissing his cousin, the Czar. (Don't cheer—remember the president's warning!)

Huerta saluting the stars and stripes in Mexico. (Nix on the Star Spangled solo on the piano!)

Taft voting the Progressive ticket.

Charley Chaplin without physical kinks.

It's illegal to photograph genuine money. But that isn't why movie actors use the stage variety. They know one another too well! Also—the Director knows all of them!

Once, Mr. Carl Laemmle lived in Oshkosh. Look at Mr. Laemmle now! And look at Oshkosh!

Millions of people hear about Mr. Laemmle. Who ever hears of Oshkosh?

At that, it was the original "Universal City!"

A Paramount trip through the Panama Canal: N. Y. Harbor—the roadstead at Havana—100 little alligators—one big 'gator—some ostriches—and, ah ha—one glance at Gatun!

But cheer up: Maybe the trip around the Horn will disclose a life-and-death struggle with a codfish—a homestead in Maine—logging on the Manistee—and a troupe of Shetland Ponies!

A three-reel tennis romance: 15-love—30-love—40-love!

Other Film Terms:

Close-Up: Trying to make a nickel look as big as a quarter.

Cut: What a suspicious person on the dealer's right insists on.

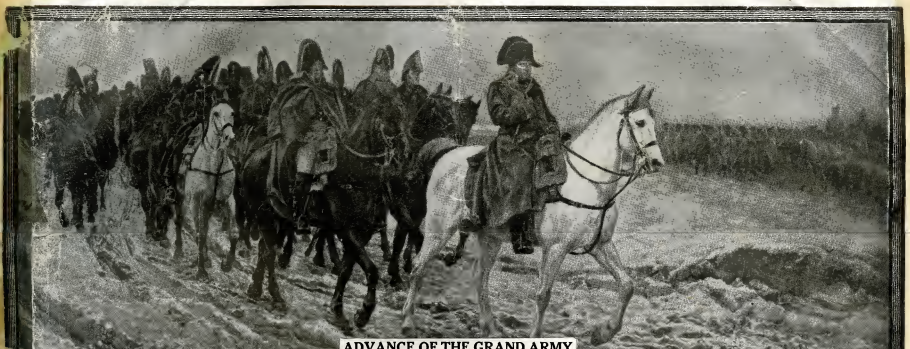
Cut-Back: A hungry hog—sometimes called "razor-back."

Still More:

Insert: An attempt to hide a dirty cuff in a ragged sleeve.

Bust: The condition on the morning of pay day!

Erase from my mind all the trials of the day,
Just sandwich some joy in between
The things that I live and the things that I dream—
With one hour of sweet bliss of the screen.



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